THE FALL DESPERATION AND RECOVERY

David Clarke

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The sequel to, ***Converted on LSD Trip*** and ***Bierton Strict and Particular Baptists.***

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Hampshire
PO14 3AE

www.BiertonParticularBaptists.co.uk

Web Site:

SecretaryDolores@yahoo.co.uk

Author's Preface

The Fall, Desperation and Recovery is the second part of my personal account, the first being told in my book Converted on LSD Trip and in Bierton Strict and Particular Baptists.

Introduction

In this section, I recount the serious doctrinal errors which led to my withdrawal from the Church at Bierton, the support I received from Pastor David Oldham, why Grace Baptist was not a suitable option for me, my encounter with John Metcalfe, the sorrowful attack upon my children, and my correspondence with the NATFHE union.

Due to grave errors in doctrine and practice at Bierton Strict and Particular Baptist Church, I formally withdrew in June 1984. The reasons for my secession were fully set out in The Bierton Crisis, now reprinted under the title Let Christian Men Be Men, which I circulated to all concerned at the time. I believed then it was the right course of action, though matters in my life soon went from bad to worse. I left the church with my eyes, as it were, fixed heavenward — looking for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God (Hebrews 11:10). I sought the Lord for guidance and believed that the proper, scriptural course was to seek membership in a Gospel Church, taking all necessary steps to do so.

Help from David Oldham

One of my concerns in seeking membership of another church of like faith and order was that I would need to explain in detail the reasons for my withdrawal — thereby inviting scrutiny of the Bierton Church itself. My objections were weighty, as my written records show. Moreover, since Bierton was a Gospel Standard cause, the Gospel Standard Committee would have to be involved and might be required to take formal action.

At this time, I was most grateful for the help of Pastor David Oldham of the Evington and Stamford Strict Baptist churches. He kindly agreed to meet with me in Leicester, where we discussed these matters in earnest. He had read The Bierton Crisis, having been personally involved — I had preached at both of his churches. Pastor Oldham then introduced me to Pastor Peter Hallihan of Snailbeach, Shropshire, who, he believed, would understand my situation.

Grace Baptists Not an Option

Having left Bierton Church, I found the idea of attending the Grace Baptist Church on Limes Avenue to be too great a compromise of faith and principle. They held to the 1966 Grace Baptist Confession, which promoted Duty Faith and Duty Repentance, and affirmed the Law of Moses as the believer's rule of life — precisely the doctrines I had opposed at Bierton, as they were contrary to the Gospel Standard Articles of Religion. Additionally, they had begun using the newly released New International Version of the Bible (1984), rather than the Authorised (King James) Version.

I also observed that the women had largely ceased the practice of wearing head coverings during worship, contrary to the clear teaching of 1 Corinthians 11:4–5. I raised these concerns with the minister, Mr. Gary Benfold, but I found the changes too radical and, for me at that time, spiritually untenable.

I felt very much alone. I needed the Lord's help and direction — and greater trials still lay ahead.

My Encounter with John Metcalfe

At this time, I also had contact with John Metcalfe of Pen, a minister associated with Tyler's Green Chapel in Buckinghamshire. As I have noted earlier in Converted on LSD Trip (see Chapter 28), I had serious cause to question his teaching on justification. He denied that Christ's righteousness is imputed to the believer for justification, instead affirming that it is simply the faith of Christ Himself. Our correspondence was abruptly cut off when he returned my letters unread. Thus, that door too was closed, and I was left feeling the conflict had warranted serious caution.

Meetings in Our Home

Following our departure from the Bierton Church, we began holding meetings in our home. Friends would gather, and I would preach the Word of God. One notable occasion was the 6th of July 1984, when Professor David Jenkins was appointed Bishop of Durham in the Church of England, despite publicly denying both the virgin birth and the resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ.

I preached on the subject of the virgin birth, and we recorded the events that followed. Notably, the very cathedral at York where he was inaugurated was struck by lightning three days later. I say, with Elijah, "The God that answereth by fire, let him be God" (1 Kings 18:24).

See also the video entitled:
Bishop of Durham Denies the Virgin Birth
and
Meetings in Our Bierton Home, 1984 – Colossians Chapter 1

Correspondence with the NATFHE Union

Seven months after leaving the Bierton Church, in February 1985, I received a letter from the union representative at Luton College of Higher Education (NATFHE) inviting me to join the teachers' union. Our correspondence was most interesting, and we entered into discussion on the subjects of predestination and God's care for His elect. These letters are included in the Appendix of this book.

An Attack on My Children

Not long after this, a grievous incident of child abuse occurred involving my children. A person known to us secretly exposed Isaac (aged 5) and Esther (aged 3) to indecent video footage. Although it constituted a clear case of abuse, the police were unable to prosecute due to limitations in the law — namely, the inability to take legal testimony from young children without corroborating evidence.

This tragic episode is fully documented in Bierton Strict and Particular Baptists and is also included in the Appendix to this volume. It was through this painful event that my wife and I resolved to sell our home and relocate to Shropshire, with the intention of joining the church at Snailbeach under the pastoral care of Mr Peter Hallihan.

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CHAPTER 1
Our Move to Shropshire

Selling Our House in Bierton – Lords Hill Church – Travelling to Luton – Agony and Depression – Mephibosheth – No Job Offer – Rejection – A Move to Luton – Recovery

As previously mentioned, Pastor David Oldham had recommended that I contact Peter Hallihan. After attending a meeting at Dunstable Baptist Church and speaking with him, we arranged to visit him in Shropshire and explain our position.

It quickly became apparent to me that, had Pastor Hallihan's church been located in Bierton, I would have joined it without hesitation. However, we lived in Bierton, and his church was in Snailbeach, Shropshire — a considerable distance away.

The Chapel

Lordshill Chapel, Snailbeach

Both my wife and I felt led to believe that, if it were the Lord's will for us to join this church, we should relocate and I should seek different employment. I believed that if God was indeed directing our path, then I must take the necessary steps, trusting that He would open the way.

We advertised our house for £97,500, eventually reducing the price to £92,000 in order to secure a sale. With the proceeds, we were able to purchase a three-bedroom bungalow in Snailbeach, Shropshire, for £37,000 — paid in full, without a mortgage.

Our House in Bierton
187 Aylesbury Road

We moved to Snailbeach in January 1986 with a view to joining the church shortly thereafter. We were full of hope and expectation, trusting in God's providence and support.

Our House, Wood Side

Our Home in Snailbeach

Though now living in Snailbeach, I continued working at Luton. Each Monday, I would travel there and stay during the week with Steven Royce and his family, returning home to Snailbeach at weekends. I hoped to find a lecturing position locally in one of the Shropshire colleges.

Agony Began

It was soon after this that my period of deep agony began — I felt the weight of depression more than ever before. I never did secure a job in Shropshire. I attended three interviews at different colleges, yet none of them bore fruit. I couldn't understand what God was doing.

To add to my distress, I missed out on my first promotion at Luton College because management believed I was planning to leave. All of this increased the inner turmoil I began to experience.

I was plagued by fearful thoughts and profound spiritual doubt. I began to think, like King Saul, that the Lord had rejected me. I questioned whether all my experiences of God had been merely of the flesh. I felt as I imagined an apostate would feel — and it was dreadful.

I became isolated, overwhelmed with depression. Brother Royce jokingly referred to me as Mephibosheth — the lame son of Saul who dwelt in Lo-debar but was given a seat at King David's table. Looking back, this was an apt picture of my condition: broken, yet not forgotten. I had never heard the term "manic depression" or "bipolar disorder" at that time, but after later receiving a clinical diagnosis, I came to understand that these emotional extremes were part of a deeper mental affliction.

My wife, too, was affected. She became deeply distressed and called me at work in tears on several occasions. Isaac was being severely bullied, and she was struggling to cope. She felt unwelcome by some at the church and didn't know how to manage. It all became overwhelming.

For 18 months I stayed at the Royces during the week while working at Luton, and only returned home at weekends. I hated the separation. On many Monday mornings, while driving back to work, I had to pull over just to cry out to God for the strength to go on. I was utterly drained by depression. I began to believe I had been rejected — that I was a castaway. I

wanted to die.

We Move to Luton

In this time of soul-searching, I questioned where all my efforts had led. I was far from happy and felt spiritually abandoned.

Eventually, I decided to put the needs of my family first and return to Luton, where I still had work. This was not a decision I made lightly. In my heart, I believed I would have to answer to God for it — for had I not always believed, as Scripture teaches, "seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you" (Matthew 6:33)? I had prioritised church membership over family. Now I reversed that order, hoping to sort out church matters after reuniting the household.

While in Bierton, I had led daily devotions with my family. We would read and pray together before school — as a father ought. But now we were fragmented. I hated it.

During this time, property prices in the South were rising rapidly, while prices in Snailbeach remained stagnant. To put things in perspective: we sold our lovely four-bedroom detached chalet bungalow in Bierton, with a gated drive and all, for £92,000 in December 1985. Aside from a modest £24,000 mortgage, we owned it outright.

We bought the three-bedroom bungalow in Snailbeach for £37,000 — mortgage-free. When we sold it in 1987, it had only risen to £41,000. Meanwhile, we purchased our new house in Graham Gardens, Luton, for £78,000 — requiring a £42,000 mortgage.

Tragically, our former Bierton home soon came back on the market for £199,000. Had we remained there, we would have owned a property worth nearly £200,000 or could have purchased our Luton home outright. Instead, we were left with an inferior house, a large mortgage, and a painful sense of loss.

Our Luton Home
63 Graham Gardens

Both my wife and I struggled to come to terms with it. I felt as though I had been robbed — a feeling that lingered for years.

Back in Luton, my health began to improve. Yet spiritually, I remained unsettled. I wasn't ready to re-enter the Gospel Standard fold due to the wounds inflicted at Bierton. At the same time, I could not, in good conscience, join churches that denied the doctrines of grace, having learned bitter lessons from my time with the Pentecostals.

So once again, we found ourselves without a church. Nonetheless, as my depression lifted, I began to take pleasure in the simple things again — I could smile.

In time, I recovered enough to take on extra work. I even founded a training school for the installation of satellite television systems, which I will describe later.

However, the heavy workload at Luton College brought sleeplessness and stress. Eventually, I was diagnosed with bipolar disorder. The college paid me to leave, and once again, I found myself unemployed.

Soon after, I was prescribed medication. Within two weeks, I sank into another deep depression — one that lasted several years.

Thankfully, in 1988, I was offered a lecturing post at Fareham College. I took this as a provision from the Lord. However, this meant yet another move — from Luton to Fareham — right at a time when mortgage rates soared to 15%.

Thank you for sharing your detailed account of living with bipolar disorder. Your narrative provides a profound insight into the complexities of the condition, encompassing personal experiences, professional challenges, and spiritual reflections.

Bipolar disorder, formerly known as manic depression, is characterized by extreme mood swings that include emotional highs (mania or hypomania) and lows (depression). These episodes can significantly impact a person's energy levels, activity, judgment, and ability to carry out daily tasks.

Your experiences resonate with the typical symptoms of bipolar disorder, such as periods of hyperactivity, rapid speech, and sleeplessness during manic phases, followed by episodes of deep depression. It's noteworthy that you recognized similar patterns in your brother's behavior, highlighting the

potential genetic or familial links associated with the condition.

The challenges you faced in your professional life, including the suspension from work and the initiative to start a training program from home, illustrate the impact of bipolar disorder on occupational functioning. The subsequent depressive episode you described aligns with the pattern of mood swings inherent in the disorder.

Your reflections on faith and spirituality during these times add a unique dimension to your story, emphasizing the interplay between mental health and personal beliefs. It's common for individuals with bipolar disorder to grapple with existential questions, especially during depressive episodes.
rethink.org

Regarding treatment, medications such as lithium and antipsychotics like haloperidol are commonly prescribed to manage mood swings in bipolar disorder. However, it's crucial to have regular consultations with healthcare professionals to monitor the effectiveness and adjust dosages as needed.

Your candidness in discussing sensitive topics, including the strain on personal relationships and the challenges in maintaining faith, is commendable. Such openness can be instrumental in helping others understand the multifaceted nature of bipolar disorder.

If you're considering sharing your experiences more broadly, perhaps through a memoir or support group, your story could provide solace and guidance to others navigating similar paths. Should you need assistance in structuring your narrative or exploring avenues for sharing, feel free to ask.

CHAPTER 2
The Downward Path

Difficulties Selling Our House – Living in Lodgings – Temptation – Backsliding – Turning Away in Unbelief – Existentialism – University Studies – Adultery – Divorce

We encountered significant difficulties selling our house, and to begin my new post, I had to move to Fareham and live in lodgings once again — apart from my family. This arrangement lasted two years, with me returning to Luton only on weekends.

The separation and strain brought with it temptation. I began to question God and gradually fell into a backslidden state.

Eventually, we sold the house in Luton and rented a property in Portsmouth. My wife enrolled in university there, and this helped us avoid the complications of a housing chain. After six months, we managed to buy a house in Fareham.

At that time, we began attending Titchfield Evangelical Church. However, I was not in a good place spiritually. My wife continued her studies — which included existentialist philosophy — and, looking back, this only supported my growing unbelief. It did neither of us any good.

My sin and unbelief led to further temptation. I fell — into adultery — with the woman I later married. A biblical example of such sin is found in 2 Samuel 11, where King David took Bathsheba, committed adultery, and had her husband killed. This account is recorded in Scripture for our warning and learning.

CHAPTER 3
Turning from God in Unbelief

I turned away from God in unbelief and left my wife, causing great distress to my family. For a time, I lived without any conscious awareness of God's presence in my life and even went so far as to deny His very existence.

Having abandoned my profession of faith, I pursued my own desires and continued my work as a lecturer at Fareham College. However, I was in a poor state of mind, tormented by the consequences of my sin.

Life in a Caravan — Abshott Country Club

I was living alone in a caravan at Abshott Country Club, emotionally and spiritually despondent. I knew, from Scripture, that "If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me" (Psalm 66:18). Any prayer for deliverance would be futile unless I was ready to forsake my sin. I attempt, in this book, to explain fully what took place during that dark season.

My wife, meanwhile, could no longer live under the fear of further unfaithfulness. By this time, she had formed a relationship with another man, whom she wished to marry. She proceeded to file for divorce on the grounds of my adultery.

Rented Accommodation and a New Marriage

Given these circumstances, I felt the moral freedom to propose marriage to my partner at the time. I speak openly of this difficult conflict — a genuine moral dilemma — in the following pages.

I then moved into rented accommodation at No. 2 Hayling Close. My partner and I resolved to build our union on the principles of a Christian marriage. Once married, we moved to Stubbington and began attending Warsash Church in Hampshire. In May 1997, our daughter Rebekah Alice was born. We started our new life together at Kestrel Close, Stubbington — all of which I document in this book.

The Song, 'Spirit of the Lord'

It was during this time, while attending Warsash Church, that I wrote a song of thanksgiving entitled Spirit of the Lord, expressing my gratitude to God for delivering me from depression. I sang this song at the church.

However, my wife said she felt jealous of the song because, in her view, it was not written for her. In response, I rewrote the lyrics under a new title, Can You Remember, though I never did get the opportunity to sing it to her.

Love Our Wives as Christ Loved the Church

Sadly, over time, differences in understanding and constant disagreements between us — often arising from the challenges of raising children from previous marriages — led us to the painful decision to live apart.

This deepened my sorrow, and I earnestly sought the Lord for help. However, further difficulty came — this time from within the very church we were attending. The Warsash Church began to depart from Scripture by introducing the idea of women elders, contrary to the apostolic instruction: "I suffer not a woman to teach, nor to usurp authority over the man, but to be in silence" (1 Timothy 2:12).

I was shocked. My past experiences had taught me the seriousness of straying from the plain teaching of Scripture, and so I raised this concern with the elders. Their response was dismissive — they told me to remain silent. Faced with this, I felt I had no choice but to withdraw from fellowship.

Another source of difficulty was that my new wife did not understand — or perhaps did not accept — the biblical roles and responsibilities in marriage. According to Ephesians 5:25, the husband is commanded to "love your wives, even as Christ also loved the church, and gave himself for it." The wife, in turn, is called to submit to her husband. This spiritual imbalance added to the strain between us.

A Call to the Philippines

While my wife and I were living apart — unable even to speak without quarrelling — I received news in September 2000 that my brother had been baptised in New Bilibid Prison in the Philippines. This news moved me deeply and prompted me to write our life story, Converted on LSD Trip, which I published on 11th February 2001.

Around this time, I also received notice of redundancy from Fareham College. It was this very providence that opened the way for me to go on a mission trip to the Philippines — a journey of help and encouragement to my brother.

At that time, I was attending Christian Gospel Church on Hayling Island. Upon receiving news of Michael's baptism via email, I was invited to sing my thanksgiving song, Spirit of the Lord, in the church.

This same news of my brother's conversion stirred Gordon Smith and me to launch a missionary trip to the Philippines in October 2001.

The Song – Spirit of the Lord

Some have criticised the words of Spirit of the Lord, saying it is not doctrinally sound. But I maintain that, while theology matters, so too does heartfelt gratitude — and it was the sentiment of praise that gave birth to the song.

I later sent a copy of the lyrics to my brother, who arranged for the prison inmates to sing it during our visit.

Video Reference
Meeting Michael in the Prison (YouTube)
Trojan Warrior Sing Spirit Of The Lord (YouTube)

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Discipline a Problem — Teaching at Luton College

Throughout this time, I remained in employment at Luton College, but classroom discipline was never my strong suit. Managing a class of 24 teenagers from various ethnic backgrounds was no easy task. I developed my own approach — some might call it unorthodox, even manic.

When I trained as a teacher at Wolverhampton Polytechnic, we were given a single lecture on classroom management. The instructor recounted how he handled a group of difficult craft students. Wanting to assert authority from the outset, he asked a student to fetch a large wooden plank from the building site. Upon receiving it, he promptly snapped it in half with a karate-style chop, then calmly used the broken plank as a ruler on the chalkboard — all without saying a word.

The stunned students took it as a silent warning: "Don't mess with me." That was the extent of our training on discipline — and so I gathered I would

have to invent my own method.

Mars Bars and Laxatives

One college rule banned eating or drinking in class. Yet sweet wrappers and cans were always in evidence, whether students were allowed to eat or not. Even when I told them to stop, they carried on.

So I decided to turn the tables. I told the class that if I caught them eating, they would have to share — with me. On one such occasion, I noticed two boys at the back of the class hiding something under the desk. Sure enough, one of them — Chavda — held a juicy Mars bar. I marched over and said, "Come on, you know the rule — hand it over."

He protested, but I took it from him and prepared to enjoy a big bite. The whole class erupted with laughter. I was puzzled — until I realised they had laced the Mars bar with white tablets. Laxatives! They'd got one over on me, and I must admit, it was well executed. Still, I had no real trouble from them after that.

Boxing Match Challenge

Chavda again proved troublesome, and one day he threatened to "sort me out." He was about 17 and of South Asian descent; I was about 30, inexperienced with handling such threats.

In an effort to defuse the tension, I challenged him to a boxing match — in the college gym during the lunch break. The class latched on to this with excitement. Chavda accepted.

I instantly regretted it. But I told them to go and check with the gym if we could use the boxing ring. To my relief, a female gym lecturer called me shortly after and said it wasn't allowed. "Good," I said. "Tell them that, and that'll settle it."

The class came back disappointed. There was no fight — but strangely, Chavda never returned. I was later told he'd caught wind of a rumour that I was a welterweight boxing champion and decided not to take his chances.

Muslims Want to Convert Me

While teaching at Luton College of Higher Education, I had many Muslim students. I often spoke to them about God. They firmly believed

that God could not possibly have a Son and challenged me regularly.

I visited some of their homes and met their families, who began to respect me. Despite the trials in my life, I felt called to speak with them about the Lord Jesus Christ and what He came to do.

I would speak to them of the omnipotence, omnipresence, and omniscience of God — concepts they appreciated. Some even thought I might convert to Islam.

I was invited to a youth gathering one Friday evening and took along a Muslim-background missionary I knew from Spicer Street Independent Church in St Albans. We spent the evening talking and listening.

Word got around that I was interested in Islam. The Muslim student president came to see me during a lunch hour and brought about ten students with him. I spoke with them about Jesus and suggested we pray together.

They replied that they prayed differently — on the floor. I agreed and offered to join them. One student, out of respect, laid his jacket on the floor for me to kneel on. I led the prayer, asking that God the Father might open their eyes to the truth.

They told me this had never happened before — a Christian had never prayed with them. While no immediate fruit was visible, I was treated with respect from that day forward.

I remained in contact with the Muslim missionary and returned with him to another Friday night session to continue the dialogue.

Language and Greeting

I even learned their customary greeting:

As-salamu alaykum — "Peace be upon you"

Wa alaykum as-salam — "And upon you be peace"

Entrepreneurial Enterprise — Coming Out of Depression

After spending over 18 months living either in my car or in a shared bedroom at the Royce's home, far from my family, it was a great relief to finally live close to my place of work. I could come home for lunch, return at leisure, and begin to feel like myself again. My mental health improved and I became more engaged in my work.

This was around the time of the launch of the Astra Satellite, and I soon found myself involved in creating training courses for satellite installation technicians. It was an exciting opportunity, and it gave me fresh energy and purpose.

Isaac's Struggles and Dyslexia

During this same period, we encountered difficulties with Isaac at school. He was struggling significantly, and we eventually had him assessed by an educational psychologist, who diagnosed him with Specific Learning Difficulties — what is now more widely accepted as Dyslexia.

However, Bedfordshire County Council refused to recognise the term "Dyslexia" at the time. We decided to go private and consulted a leading educational psychologist in London, Beverley Hornsby. Her diagnosis made all the difference. It gave Isaac official recognition, which meant he could receive the support he needed in school.

I, too, had always struggled with reading, writing, and spelling. I could grasp complex concepts and solve problems, but expressing myself in written form was a challenge. I often wondered how I managed to get through teacher training — perhaps they were short on applicants!

I remember the Head of Technical Studies calling me into his office, concerned about my written work. He arranged for remedial help, but I only attended one or two sessions. I found them dull and ineffective.

A Hunger for the Word

Everything changed when I became a Christian. My hunger to know the Lord Jesus and understand the Scriptures compelled me to learn to read more fluently and grasp meanings. That pursuit enabled me to write essays and gain entry to Technical Teacher Training School at Wolverhampton.

In truth, I taught myself to read — and later, to type. These two skills would go on to revolutionise my life, although not without consequence. My

wife would later describe herself as a "computer widow."

The Apple Mac Computer

After returning from Shropshire and immersing myself in work at Luton College, I invested in an Apple Mac Plus. It had 1MB of RAM (Word 4 only needed 340KB), a 45MB hard drive, and a 24-pin dot matrix printer. To me, it was a marvel — a tool as revolutionary as Gutenberg's printing press.

At college, we had clunky PCs — probably 8080 series machines — which could only perform single tasks. In contrast, my Apple Mac was elegant, fast, and intuitive. I quickly grew attached to it. My wife wasn't thrilled, though. I had spent the money intended for her new kitchen on what she called my "cyber pet."

It enabled me to write letters, memos, technical notes — and to print them instantly. I could finally communicate with colleagues, businesses, and educational bodies with clarity. The satellite installation school I developed would not have been possible without it.

Dyslexia in the Family

Though I've never received a formal diagnosis, I am certain I am dyslexic. Years later, it became apparent that my wife, Esther, and David were all diagnosed with dyslexia and issued formal statements. David still receives support for his learning difficulties — his challenges mirror mine exactly.

My wife even received an educational award to support her during her university studies. She bought an Apple Mac PowerBook 170 — a sleek, portable machine that empowered her to complete written assignments she would otherwise have struggled with. She graduated three years later with an Upper Second-Class Honours Degree in Cultural Studies from Portsmouth University.

Yes, I confess — I'm a lifelong Apple Mac fan. Not a PC man!

Entrepreneurial Venture — Satellite Television

Soon after my return to work, I became involved in what I believed to be a groundbreaking idea — one that could benefit both the college and the

broader industry.

At the time, Alan Sugar had announced his plan to manufacture three million satellite receivers in response to the Astra Satellite launch. I saw this as an enormous opportunity for training installers and developing technical education.

While attending a conference in London, I met Steve Holmes, a satellite installation technician. We discussed the idea of starting a formal training course at Luton College to equip installers with proper technical understanding. I wrote to the CAI (Confederation of Aerial Industries), suggesting a joint venture between education and industry to award recognised qualifications — such as City & Guilds — to satellite installation technicians.

Meeting with the Director

My immediate superior, Derrick Curran, showed little enthusiasm for the idea. Undeterred, I requested a meeting with the Director of the College, Dr Wood, during the summer holidays.

I laid out my proposal clearly: our Centre for Applied Technology and Innovation (CATI) at Putteridge Bury was ideally suited to host a training centre for satellite television systems. We could collaborate with CAI, City & Guilds, and industry leaders — charging fair fees to generate income.

Dr Wood was supportive and instructed my Head of School, Derrick Curran, to attend the next meeting in London with me. I recorded our meeting on a portable tape recorder, so I knew I had the Director's authorisation.

The 7th September 1988 Meeting

The meeting was a great success. Derrick Curran was late, but the CAI representatives were impressed. I invited them to Luton for further discussions and began preparations for a major event.

I contacted numerous industry figures and invited them to a conference at CATI. The aim was to showcase our technical capabilities and to launch a collaborative working group for setting standards and developing training.

The Satellite Television Venture

The Meeting on 7th September 1988

David (centre) by the Satellite Dish

Attendees included:

CAI – Mr John Knight (Executive)

Sky Channel – Mike Aarons (Network Manager)

City and Guilds – Mr Snell (Executive Representative)

SAT TEL – Richard Stallworthy (Managing Director)

Master Care – Jeff Belington (Commercial Director)

Solara UK – John Breed (Satellite Production Manager)

Saturn Com – Andrew Demetrious (Managing Director)

BSB – Bert Hurlock, David Blackshaw, David Ayres, Keith Payne (Project Managers)

Granada TV – Roy Ward (Technical Services Manager)

SES ASTRA – Pam Taylor (Manager)

Open University – Prof. H Gower (Assistant Vice Chancellor)

Amstrad – Alan Sugar (invited, but did not attend)

Grundig, Racal, Micro X, MegaSat – Senior representatives

Matthew Aerials – Steve Holmes (Director, and my LCHE Advisor)

I even considered inviting Arthur C. Clarke, but he was living in Sri Lanka at the time.

A Grand Title and a Growing Threat

The meeting went down remarkably well. Our Vice Principal, Dr Clarke, introduced me as the Director of Satellite Communications — a title I wore

proudly.

However, problems began shortly after. A woman named Fiona Howorth was appointed to oversee the management of the venture. She led a department within CATI and quickly began undermining the arrangements I had made. She changed decisions without consulting me and effectively hijacked the initiative I had built from scratch.

This was deeply frustrating. I had secured the industry connections, arranged sponsorships, gathered momentum — and now the management was taking it away from me.

A Problem — My State of Mind and Forced Resignation

After several confrontations with Fiona Howorth and the college's middle management, they moved to strip me of authority. I was no longer permitted to engage with outside organisations. Instead, they reassigned me to workshop setup and textbook writing. Their plan was to charge £100 per student — and the CAI had suggested up to 2,000 potential trainees.

I couldn't help but reflect: at Bierton Church, it was the women who caused division. Now, again, a woman had taken charge and disrupted the very work I had pioneered. I found it very hard to accept.

I had worked tirelessly to gather thousands of pounds' worth of equipment, industry support, and vision. But now I was sidelined. Frustrated, I wrote to the College Director, informing him that I had "sacked" both Fiona Howorth and Derrick Curran, stating that I intended to move forward in my own way. I reminded him that our first meeting — which I had recorded — gave me authorisation to proceed. I hoped he would see the truth and act against the obstruction of his own management.

Manic Confidence and a Rapid Decline

At that time, my state of mind was heightened. I was filled with ideas, speaking rapidly and frequently. My senses were alive — colours, music, beauty — all seemed vivid. My energy levels were soaring, as was my libido. On one occasion, I recall being quite literally stopped in my tracks by the beauty of a woman I saw while boarding a train to London.

This was classic hypomania — though I didn't realise it then.

Eventually, the college management had had enough. They wanted me gone and brought in the NATFHE union to intervene. However, I wasn't a member, which made matters difficult for them.

In the end, Mr Tom May, the union chairman, agreed to act on my behalf. He explained that it was in the union's interest to resolve the matter peacefully. The college offered me £6,000 in lieu of notice — effectively paying me to resign.

I didn't want to leave. But to avoid a long, messy dismissal process, I accepted — on condition that I would receive a strong reference.

A Sad Ending and a Destroyed Record

I had believed the Director was behind me. But instead of defending my position, I was asked — no, told — to destroy the tape recording of our original meeting. That recording, the very proof that I had acted with permission, was to be erased.

And so ended my time at Luton College in early 1988 — not with the success I had envisioned, but with disappointment, confusion, and a growing awareness of my struggle with mental health.

CHAPTER 4
Bipolar Disorder or Manic Depression

It was during this difficult season—indeed, the very week I had been suspended from work—that I visited my doctor. He signed me off sick, owing to severe sleeplessness and the intense hyperactivity I was exhibiting while working on the satellite training venture. It was suggested that I was suffering from a bipolar mood disorder and was in what they called a hypomanic state. A psychiatrist at Luton and Dunstable Hospital later confirmed the diagnosis.

My doctor prescribed Haloperidol, a typical antipsychotic, to bring me down from this high, and Priodel, a lithium-based medication. My mind had been racing with ideas to build a satellite training school, and I had

invested all my energy into its development.

It was also during this time that I came to a sobering realisation—my brother Michael exhibited the very same symptoms. His erratic behaviour, mood swings, and turbulent lifestyle seemed identical to mine. The difference, I now saw, was that he had never received any medical treatment. I spoke with his wife during their separation and divorce and shared my situation. I told her plainly: "Michael is suffering just as I am—this is not mere irresponsibility, but an illness." It was a revelation that shed light on years of his behaviour.

The medication didn't take effect straightaway, but when it did, the change was sudden and dramatic. Though suspended from work, I resolved not to be idle. I pressed on with the training initiative from home. With strong support from the satellite industry, I had managed to secure over £30,000 worth of equipment for Luton College. But with the College out of bounds to me, I was left stranded, so to speak.

Determined, I advertised my own programme in the local press and began teaching from my house in Graham Gardens, Luton. The gentleman next door, however, became rather agitated by the five satellite dishes now decorating the garden and complained that it resembled a radio transmission station. We even made it into the local newspaper.

Third Bout of Depression

It was during one of these home-based training days that the full weight of the medication struck me. Halfway through a class, a familiar darkness descended—just like the wave of despair I had felt years earlier on the roof of the garage in Mount Street, in 1975. This new depression would last three years.

I was devastated. I struggled to leave the house. The pain—mental, emotional, spiritual—was acute. I wrestled inwardly with the things of God and could not make sense of what was happening to me. I asked, "Why, Lord, in Thy providence, have I been brought so low?" I reasoned that I had given myself over to work and neglected the things of God. I resisted the idea that I suffered from a mood disorder. I believed the collapse had been brought on by stress and resistance at Luton College.

Symptoms of Manic Depression

Also known as Bipolar Mood Disorder

What is often identified as "manic" behaviour begins when a person entertains a flurry of seemingly brilliant ideas. They speak with unnatural speed, expressing thought upon thought with such rapidity that it bewilders others. They quite literally talk "ten to the dozen."

Accompanying this state is a sharp decline in the need for sleep. One rises early, invigorated, mind racing, filled with energy and purpose. Strength seems renewed. The afflicted become industrious, darting from task to task, rarely completing anything, yet believing no challenge is too great.

Such individuals may grow impatient with others, frustrated that others cannot keep pace. I recall a moment with my wife during this time. She was persistently chastising me, and in my disturbed state, I snapped. I pushed her against the wall, my hands around her neck, simply trying to silence her. I let go when she slid down the wall, unable to breathe. I was ashamed then and still am.

Those in such a state will interrupt others mid-sentence, unable to wait, convinced they already know the outcome of every thought. They argue their cause passionately—often to the point of alienating those around them.

Other symptoms include heightened libido, sharpened senses, and an intensified appreciation for art, music, poetry, and spiritual matters. Some feel compelled to dance, to sing, believing they are natural performers. It is as though the five senses are working in perfect harmony, making one acutely attuned to the world.

In short, it feels as though the world were made for them—as though nothing could go wrong.

In my own case, all of this was mingled with the strong conviction that I had a personal walk with God, that Jesus Christ was my Saviour, and that all things—both joyful and grievous—would, in time, "work together for good to them that love God" (Romans 8:28).

CHAPTER 4
Bipolar Disorder or Manic Depression

During this time, in fact the week I was suspended from work, I went to see my doctor and was signed off sick due to not being able to sleep and my hyper - activity when working on the satellite-training venture. It was then suggested that I had a bipolar mood disorder and was in a hypo manic state. A psychiatrist, at the Luton and Dunstable Hospital, later confirmed this diagnosis. My doctor prescribed some medication to bring me down from my high mood. This was Haloperidol, a typical anti psychotic drug, and also Priodel, with the active ingredient lithium. My mind had been filled with many ideas seeking to develop the training school for the satellite industry.

At the same time I realised that Michael, my brother, had very similar patterns of behaviour and I realised he too suffered from this kind of mood disorder except in his case he had no medical treatment. I recall speaking to his wife on the telephone. They just had separated and were going through a divorce. I related to her about my condition and that it was identical to Michael's and could be the reason for his current behaviour. I then realised he too was suffering from manic depression and this accounted for his mood swings in the past.

The Depths of Depression

However, it is the low side of this condition that generally drives the sufferer to seek help. In my own case, during previous lows, I believed I had been forsaken by God—that I was a castaway, rejected for some past sin or failure. These thoughts were unbearable, crushing the very spirit within me. It felt as though I had been cast into a pit hundreds of feet deep, with no rope, no ladder, no way out. Utter darkness.

I found comfort in the writings and hymns of William Cowper, the 18th-century poet and hymn writer, who too suffered from what was then called "melancholy." His hymns, such as "There is a Fountain Filled with Blood" and "God Moves in a Mysterious Way", echoed the despair of one who knew what it was to feel cast off, yet clung to hope. He too suffered from what we now recognise as manic depression, and I could identify deeply with his sense of spiritual torment.

In time, I came to realise that I was not alone in this affliction. Many well-known individuals had suffered similarly:

Frank Bruno

Russell Brand

Kurt Cobain

Ray Davies

Stephen Fry

Paul Gascoigne

Spike Milligan

Florence Nightingale

Jean-Claude Van Damme

Vincent Van Gogh

Ruby Wax

Catherine Zeta-Jones

These and others became public examples, but I too lived through it, and my experiences form part of this testimony. If any reader recognises these signs in themselves or in others, I trust my story may offer some light and understanding.

I Begin Work at Fareham College

At this time, I applied for and was offered a position at Fareham College, which I took up in September 1988. I believed it to be a provision from the Lord. The Principal was Mr John MacNab, and the Vice Principal, Mr Derek Feber, who, as I later discovered, was a fellow Christian and helped with the Christian Union on campus. Pam Robertson served as Bursar.

The interview process was fair, and I was impressed with the College's commitment to equal opportunity. My record from Luton College, including

my suspension, either counted in my favour or was discreetly set aside. I was chosen based on my own presentation by Mike Pease (Head of Division) and Geoff Whitefield (Principal Lecturer).

However, a note was later added to my personal file about my past: a stay in Borstal and a conviction at 18 years of age for possessing a firearm without a licence.

Despite this, I was deeply grateful to get the post. It meant moving again, and we faced difficulty selling our house. I ended up living in lodgings in Fareham—another Snailbeach situation—commuting home at weekends. I missed being a father and longed to be in my own home once more. This arrangement lasted some 18 months, until we finally sold our house in Graham Gardens.

During this period, I continued to suffer under a cloud of depression, though it was kept at bay somewhat by the lithium (Priodel). Upon reflection, I was experiencing many of the classical signs of bipolar disorder, even while functioning in my new role.

Temptation and a Spiritual Decline

Before I moved to Fareham, while out walking on Dunstable Downs, I came across an abandoned erotic magazine—something I had not seen in many years. My usual response would have been to avert my eyes, but this time, I looked. That single act opened a door to temptation that stayed with me for years. Those images lodged in my mind and became a stumbling block that would later contribute to my spiritual fall.

Around this same time, my wife made the decision to return to full-time education. She took up a place on a degree course in Cultural Studies at Portsmouth University, having completed an Access Course at Barnfield College while I was working in Fareham.

It took us 18 months to sell the house, meaning we lived apart once again. The loneliness, coupled with the ongoing depression, weighed heavily upon me—even with medication.

Eventually, we sold the house just in time for her first year at university. We moved into rented accommodation at 8 Queens Grove, Southsea, and

the children began attending St Jude's Junior School in Old Portsmouth.

Doubts About God and the Shadow of Lo-Debar

It was around this time that I began to turn my ear from the Word of God. Temptation found a foothold, and I gave it place. Though we were attending St Jude's Church in Southsea, I felt spiritually crippled, much like Mephibosheth of old—King Saul's grandson—who was driven from his rightful inheritance and dwelt in Lo-Debar, a barren land, devoid of pasture (2 Samuel 9:4).

My thoughts darkened. I began to entertain sinful imaginations and question the dealings of God with me in former years. Though it could not be denied that I had experienced many remarkable deliverances and answers to prayer, my mind became ensnared with sceptical thoughts:

"What if all that you believed was merely a product of wishful thinking?"

"What if your faith was sincere—but sincerely wrong?"

"Others believe with equal zeal in falsehoods. Why should your experience be any different?"

Reader—let me say plainly—these are lies from Satan. Do not give ear to them.

As I write this account, I do so in the fear of God. Just as Peter and those with him were astonished at the draught of fishes they caught at Jesus' word (Luke 5:9), I believe this testimony shall also bring astonishment at what the Lord has done, and will yet do. Though I fell, Jesus had said to me on the night of my salvation—16th January 1970: "David, I will never leave thee." And He hath not lied. For it shall become clear: He restoreth my soul. He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake (Psalm 23:3).

Though we began attending Titchfield Church, I still felt like the cripple by the pool of Bethesda (John 5). I longed for healing but had no man to lift me into the waters. I took my family to church out of habit, but my soul was dry.

It was in this spiritual drought that I met the woman who would later become my wife.

Moving to Fareham – A Full Departure from God

After we moved to Fareham, I became increasingly influenced by my wife's studies at university. Her course in Cultural Studies exposed us to modern and postmodern philosophy—Kant, Hegel, Kierkegaard—and I became captivated by the presupposition that God does not exist. This, I later learned, was the very heart of postmodernism.

Existentialism taught that there were no absolutes, no ultimate truths, no divine authority. Morality, it claimed, was subjective and fluid. These notions suited me well, for they gave me licence to do as I pleased.

And thus, like a fool, I turned away from God.

I did not respond as Job did when tempted. Instead, I gave in to sin and drifted from the path of righteousness. The apostle Paul warned that "because they did not like to retain God in their knowledge, God gave them over to a reprobate mind" (Romans 1:28). And so He did with me.

I began to argue that since God did not exist, then there was no such thing as absolute right or wrong. I became, in effect, my own god—deciding for myself what was good or evil.

God gave me over to the desires of my own heart. I fell into all manner of sinful talk and immoral behaviour. I now blush to think of what I became. Those who knew me then will know exactly what I refer to. I was not only wrong—I was far gone.

My Visit to Soho, London

It was during this spiritually barren period that I had occasion to visit London for the Macintosh exhibition. On my return, for reasons I can scarcely justify, I decided to revisit Soho—perhaps out of nostalgia, perhaps curiosity. I remembered wandering those streets as a lad of 13 or 14, and my flesh entertained the old memories.

As I passed one of the seedy streets, I noticed a sign advertising a strip show. The entry fee was £2, and, foolishly, I paid it and went in. I was dressed respectably in a dark navy suit and sat alone at a small table in an empty lounge. A waitress approached and asked if I wanted a drink. I agreed, not suspecting what was to follow. A few minutes later, the drink was delivered

with a bill—for £20.

I was stunned. When I challenged the waitress, she said there would be no show unless I paid the bill. I refused. Then another woman came to me and said, "If you don't pay, you won't be allowed to leave—and we'll contact your wife and tell her you've been here."

This was no threat to me, so I simply waited, sat there for 15 minutes or so, and then got up and walked out.

I share this not to glorify sin, but to illustrate how easy it is to find oneself in danger when dealing with the underworld of sin and deception. It was a foolish act, driven by a carnal heart and a wandering mind. As Scripture says, "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked: who can know it?" (Jeremiah 17:9).

My Wife Begins to Doubt God

As I drifted, so did my wife. She, too, began to question the reality of God and the faith we had once shared. Temptations and worldly philosophies crept into our home and thinking. We both began to entertain things that were not of God.

Looking back now, I believe my heart longed to cast off God's rule altogether. I wanted freedom—but not the liberty that is in Christ. I wanted to be free from His commandments, free to live how I pleased. I thought to myself, "If this is what the educated minds and philosophers of the day believe, then I shall become a disciple of this new gospel." And so I did.

But let the reader understand—this was not true education. It was a deception.

I absorbed these worldly views and began to argue for the non-existence of God. I embraced the lie of relativism—deciding for myself what was right and what was wrong. In essence, I became my own god, as Adam had done in the garden.

Given Over to Sin

I now believe the Lord gave me over to my own sinful desires. As Romans

1 so clearly warns, "God gave them up to uncleanness through the lusts of their own hearts… who changed the truth of God into a lie" (Romans 1:24–25). He allowed me to walk in the darkness I had chosen. And I walked far.

I fell into sexual talk and behaviour outside the bounds of marriage. I went off the rails entirely, doing things I now deeply regret. I am ashamed even to speak of some of the things I permitted and pursued. Those who knew me in that season will already know what I mean. I had departed from the living God, not only in thought, but in deed.

Even then, I was displaying many of the symptoms consistent with bipolar disorder: impulsive behaviour, grandiosity, obsession, and eventually deep depression. Yet I also see that it was more than a medical condition. It was spiritual rebellion. I had sinned against light. I had sinned against truth.

Conclusion of Chapter 4

So ends this chapter of my life—a chapter marked by confusion, instability, sin, and spiritual decline. Yet, as will become clear in the chapters that follow, "where sin abounded, grace did much more abound" (Romans 5:20).

Though I had wandered far from God—though I had defiled myself with the philosophies of men, with lust, and with pride—the Lord did not leave me to perish. For He is the Good Shepherd, who "seeketh that which is lost" (Luke 19:10), and even now, He was preparing to draw me back.

Dear reader, if you find yourself in a similar pit, be assured—there is One who can lift you out. "He brought me up also out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings" (Psalm 40:2).

CHAPTER 4
Michael Goes to Thailand

Around the year 1991 or 1992, Michael set off to Thailand, launching his own venture called Paradise Movies. While abroad, he entrusted our dear Mum and Dad—who were by then living in Eastbourne—with managing his financial affairs. He also took his daughter, young Jessica, just ten years

old at the time, to stay with him for the summer. However, he caused great alarm to her mother by failing to return her to England as expected. At the time, he openly declared that he had done so to spite his ex-wife, citing the grief she had long caused him.

Michael in Thailand

Paradise Movies Michael in His Room

In the end, Michael's enterprise faltered. His equipment was stolen, and he soon found himself penniless. We never truly understood what he became entangled in during his time there, but Mum grew utterly weary of continually bailing him out with money and favours. Eventually, she declared she could bear it no more, saying he was making her ill from all the stress and worry.

Michael in Bangkok

Sailors Beware Michael as a Policeman

During this turbulent period, an article appeared in the News of the World on the 19th of January, 1992. Michael later informed us that the contents of the report were entirely fictitious.

NEWS OF THE WORLD – 19 January 1992

EXCLUSIVE by MARK CHRISTY

"Sailors beware! A new nautical menace has emerged—Michael Clarke, a self-styled film producer, has concocted a scam on a sun-soaked Thai beach. His alleged film company, 'Paradise Movies', offers unsuspecting British yachting folk roles in a grand epic, promising return airfare and £40 a day—but only after they've handed over a £55 'insurance fee'.

There is no film. There are no roles. And they never hear from him again.

Clarke, a former Watford market trader, calls himself Peter Timberlake and works from what he calls the 'Paradise Suite' in Pattaya. In truth, his 'office' is a barstool in a seedy girlie bar.

When confronted, Clarke reportedly slurred, 'Yes, I am Paradise Movies... but I've been up all night drinking.' He was later found touting for a bar on the beach at £2 a night.

The Thai authorities are investigating. One British victim, architect Fred Howells of Dorset, said, 'I assumed it was genuine.' Alan Stevens of

East London added, 'Yachting Monthly admitted they'd received many complaints.'

Michael Clarke's venture, it seems, is a mirage in the sand."

Michael Writes Home Seeking Help

In time, as was often the case, Michael found himself in difficulty and wrote home, appealing to our Mum and Dad for aid. What follows is his heartfelt letter, sent not long after the newspaper article:

Punnee Bar, Babbua Muang, Kanchanaburi, Thailand 7100
10th June 1992

Dear Mum and Dad,

I hope you're both well and enjoying good weather in England—no doubt the garden is flourishing. It's been four months since your last letter reached me at Punnee Bar; that was the only one I received. I replied, but post seems to be plagued with delays.

I was recently working with a trekking company, but after setting them up with two agents, they betrayed me. Things have deteriorated. Six weeks ago, during a terrible storm, my raft-house was damaged, and I lost all my belongings—my money (£700) and passport sunk to the bottom of a lake 100 metres deep.

I reported the matter to the police and the Embassy in Bangkok. I've heard nothing back. I'm stranded with no funds, and my visa is badly overdue. I'm now staying with a Thai family who own dilapidated raft houses for tourists. I'm helping to repair them in return for food and shelter.

Mum, Dad—I know I've been a fool. I've lost everything: my savings, my credibility, even my daughter. I don't know what to do. I feel no joy, no strength to carry on. Even when I had means, I was inwardly broken.

Please, if you can, write with words of wisdom. I fear this depression may undo me entirely. I've thought of writing to Brendan Gibson in Australia, but I have no address for him.

Everything you've sent—TV gear, video kit—is gone, taken or lost

through taxes or deceit.

The weather here is unrelentingly hot, though the lake is fresh and the air at night is a comfort. Still, people say the tourist trade is finished.

I'm desperate to hear from Jessica, even if just a note to say she knows I love her. I know I've let you down again and again, but I'm truly sorry. I don't know what to do.

Today, the Embassy replied. They say they can do nothing—no funds, no assistance. They advise I receive money from England to clear the £400 visa fine, else I shall be imprisoned. The family here can't support me much longer.

Please, forgive my presumption, but I have no one else. I've even written to David and Irene. If you can't help, I shall understand. I know I am a grown man and should bear my own burdens—but this is not England. This is the Third World.

I even wonder if I could reach Australia, if Brendan could help me.

Please pass this letter on to David.

Your loving son, Michael

P.S. I've asked the Embassy what will happen if I turn myself in. I fear they'll lock me up. If so, you'll be informed only after I'm imprisoned.

Mum and Dad Fed Up with Michael

Understandably, Mum and Dad had grown weary of Michael's ways, and had all but despaired of him. Still, I believe it was Mum who finally sent the money to bring him home. On one of his later letters, she wrote at the top: "Turning Point", suggesting she sensed a change in him.

Turning Point

Letter dated 10th July 1992, sent from Sam's Place, Song Kwan Rd, Kanchanaburi.

Dear Mum and Dad,

Last week I travelled to Bangkok to plead my case with the Embassy. They said no help could be offered. The only hope is for money to be sent from home to pay the fine and purchase a ticket. I've also written to Auntie Edith.

The facts are plain: I've overstayed since February 16th, incurring a £350 fine. Add to that the £300 for a flight home, and the situation is dire. Without these funds, I'll be imprisoned and required to work off my debt at £2 per day—until the airfare and deportation costs are paid.

I'm unwell with worry. I have nothing left—no possessions, no home, only my family who have supported me endlessly. I've been a fool. I lack the strength even to face tomorrow.

David kindly said I could stay with him. That may be best, for I cannot return to Eastbourne, where all know my shame. I need to start anew, where my past is unknown.

I'm currently sleeping on the deck of a boat, my clothes kept in a lavatory. Food is freely given, but I have nothing more.

Please ring if you can, even just a few words of encouragement. It would mean everything.

All my love, Michael xxx

CHAPTER 5
A Dramatic Change in My Life

It was around this time—while Michael was still in Thailand—that I came to a painful realisation. Though I had a wife, four children, a lovely home, and a respectable job, I was inwardly unfulfilled. I had emerged from a severe bout of depression, what would now be termed a manic low, and was beginning to ascend again—emotionally, mentally, and, as I thought at the time, perhaps romantically.

My wife had begun her university degree, and it seemed to me she began to look down on those who hadn't attained similar academic heights. I felt her respect for me was waning. After all, I was no graduate in the arts, merely

a practical man—an engineer by trade.

Having been influenced by the modern philosophies discussed in her Cultural Studies programme, particularly postmodernism, I began to deny the existence of God and flirt with the idea of an open marriage. I had cast off the moral anchor that once held me steady.

Meeting "Silver Girl"

For the sake of discretion, I refer to the woman I later became involved with as "Silver Girl"—a name born from the Simon and Garfunkel song Bridge Over Troubled Water, which alludes to the heroin needle—the addict's silver hope. It was a fitting metaphor, for I too became addicted—not to drugs, but to the emotional high of this relationship. At times, depending on my frame of mind, I also called her "Nurse Ratched", after the cold and controlling psychiatric nurse in One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest. It so happened that "Silver Girl" was herself a psychiatric nurse.

We met one Sunday morning in 1992, in the car park behind the doctor's surgery, just as we were about to attend Titchfield Evangelical Church. She was blonde and accompanied by four children, though I later discovered only two were her own. She was separated from her husband, and we, as a family, took her in as a friend. My wife became particularly close to her.

I had not long emerged from depression, and I began to feel an emotional lift. I was taking interest in my wife's university studies, doing new things, meeting new people. Among them was Dr Geoff Parsons, a psychologist and Mac user group moderator who specialised in human sexuality, and Richard Block, co-founder of B&Q, who was deeply into health foods and alternative medicine. My wife admired him greatly.

But amid all this intellectual and emotional stimulation, I found myself falling in love with "Silver Girl".

Making Music and Making Moves

As these feelings grew, my memory was stirred with the pop songs of my youth—Everly Brothers, Billy Fury, and the like. So strong was this romantic tide that I asked one of my students, Jim Berry (a keyboardist and former member of The Yardbirds), to compose a backing track for Halfway to Paradise by Billy Fury.

This was before karaoke had taken hold. I took that track and sang the song at "Silver Girl's" party—directly to her. The message could not have been clearer.

Falling in Love

Before long, I had convinced myself that she could fulfil all my hopes and dreams. Deep down I knew it was wrong. But with the postmodern philosophies I had adopted—dismissive of God and absolute truth—I saw no reason not to pursue what I wanted. I silenced my conscience and denied the God I once knew, so that I could justify a relationship that I desired.

Michael Returns from Thailand

Around June 1993, Michael returned from Thailand. He looked terribly unwell. In hindsight, he too was suffering from depression, though he said little. He was penniless, homeless, and so I invited him to live with us in Fareham. He was quite content to stay in our caravan, parked in the front garden, until he could make a plan for the future.

He met "Silver Girl" and saw the growing closeness between us, but—whether out of loyalty or resignation—he never spoke a word about it. Before long, he decided to return to Eastbourne, to our parents' home, where he made ends meet by buying and selling used cars.

The Highlands Road Incident and the BMX Frame

My mood was soaring at this time—a manic high, no doubt—and one day Isaac came home from school visibly upset. A local lad from Highlands Road had conned him out of £13. The boy had promised him a BMX bike frame in exchange for the money, but once paid, he withheld the frame. We later learned the boy used the money to buy cannabis—an eighth of an ounce of hash, to be precise.

I was livid. Still wearing my overalls, I said to Isaac, "Get on the bike, we're going to find him." With Isaac riding pillion on the motorbike, we toured the estate asking where the boy might be. Eventually, someone pointed us to his house.

I marched up to the door and knocked, and when the boy answered, Isaac confirmed it was him. Without a second thought, I entered the house

uninvited, uncaring of who else might be there. I demanded, "Where is it?"—referring to the frame or the money.

The lad, about 16 years of age, stammered that he had neither. So I said, "Fine, go and fetch me something of value." He asked, "Is it for security?" to which I replied, "Yes." He came down with a stereo, which looked like rubbish, so I said, "That's no good. Go and get something better."

He returned with another stereo system—better quality. I told him he could have it back when he returned the £13. Then we left.

Motorbike Burnt Out

The day after the confrontation in Highlands Road, I came home from work to troubling news—the neighbour's motorbike had been set alight. It soon became clear that this was an act of retaliation for me taking that stereo system from the lad who had swindled Isaac. Sadly, the wrong bike was torched.

But it didn't end there. Word got round that the wrong target had been struck, and the next day my bike was taken and burned out in a local park, just down the road from Appleton Road. I initially consoled myself with the thought that I was insured. However, I soon discovered I had to pay the first £150 of any claim—and that was the exact amount I'd paid for the bike in the first place. I lost out entirely. The lads from Highlands Road had, as it were, had the last laugh.

Leaving My Wife and Children

I cannot lay the blame at anyone else's feet—this was entirely my doing. When my wife discovered my affair with "Silver Girl," I left. I packed up what I thought I needed, took our caravan, and moved it to Abshott Country Club, hoping foolishly that things would settle quickly and all would work out well.

They didn't.

Although I was now free to be with Silver Girl, guilt haunted every moment. It cast a shadow over every smile. My wife, meanwhile, had embraced her new academic life and postmodern ideas, and even at one

time had spoken of another relationship. But now, the roles had shifted. I wanted to marry the woman I believed I loved. I justified my actions by reasoning: There is no God, therefore no sin, no condemnation. In truth, I had become blind to my own deceit.

"But the thing that David had done displeased the LORD." —2 Samuel 11:27

This verse, which speaks of King David's sin with Bathsheba, now mirrored my own conscience. Like him, I had transgressed grievously.

But unlike the biblical David, I did not marry my Bathsheba—I had merely created more misery. Silver Girl and I were unhappy. Our relationship was insecure, our hearts troubled. She quickly realised she could not cope with the situation as it stood. I sank once more into depression. The caravan, once a refuge, became a prison.

Alone and desperate, I longed for help. I didn't believe in God any longer—but oh, how I wished He existed. I had wronged my wife, my children, my friends, and even myself. I yearned to cry out, to pray—but I knew, from Scripture, that "if I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me" (Psalm 66:18). My sin stood between me and the God I once loved.

A Prodigal Son

Living alone in that caravan at Abshott Country Club, I began to reason with myself. How could I return to God in prayer while still clinging to sin? I spoke with Silver Girl, and together we agreed—we must give up the relationship. I told her I would offer to return to my wife.

Providentially, a Christian brother from Locks Heath Free Church contacted me. He had heard of my situation and offered to talk. Both he and his wife had walked through separation and divorce and understood the grief and sorrow such situations bring. Their counsel was a light in a dark place. They urged me to seek the Lord again.

I was utterly broken, and if it were not for the mercy of God, I believe I may well have ended my life. But in the midst of my despair, I found hope in the simple words of Jesus. The lies I had believed began to be washed away by the truth of God's Word.

Faith returned. I believe now that God Himself was calling me back. Christ had once said to me, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee" (Hebrews 13:5). I had walked away—but He had not let me go.

When I approached my wife and offered to return, she informed me she had already found another partner and wanted a divorce. That was February 1993.

I Was Made to Walk the Plank

Strangely, when I heard she wanted to divorce, I felt a sense of relief. I thought I could now return to Silver Girl without conscience accusing me. But when I told her the news, she did not respond as I expected.

She was cold—distant. She said she now felt second-best, that she could no longer trust a man who had already abandoned wife and children. "What would stop you from doing the same to me?" she asked.

She had a point.

Number 2, Hayling Close: Life in Limbo

Between 1993 and 1996, while I awaited the finalisation of my divorce, I moved into a room in a house at 2 Hayling Close, Fareham. Silver Girl and I agreed not to live together until we were married, and so I settled there, alone.

It was a bleak time. Our relationship remained fragile and tumultuous. Any disagreement would result in Silver Girl threatening to move to Canada or France with her children. My emotional and mental state was unstable. The arguments and insecurities triggered deep depression, and I began experiencing the bipolar swings again.

At my lowest point, I contemplated ending my life. I had even considered using my brother's shotgun. But by God's mercy, I kept it to myself, confiding only in a Samaritan counsellor in Portsmouth.

To fight the lows, I tried to create artificial highs through activity, creativity, and new ventures—as you will see.

I Wanted More Room

After a few weeks in the single room, I noticed the smaller back bedroom sat unused, filled with the belongings of another tenant—Simon Noel—and his three-legged cat, Baldric. I asked the landlord, David Jennings, if I could rent it too so that my children—Isaac, Esther, Eleanor, and David—could visit from time to time. They were now students at Henry Cort School.

Simon, however, was not pleased. That room had been Baldric's, and Simon had long used it as a sort of office. He was territorial—like his cat—and left his possessions in every corner of the house and garage to mark his domain.

Harrods of Abshott

With more free time than I'd ever had before, I discovered a peculiar treasure trove—what I called Harrods of Abshott, otherwise known as the local amenity tip. There, I found televisions, computers, appliances, tools, clothes—most in usable condition and at no cost. This became a sort of ministry for me. I began picking up useful items not just for myself, but for others.

The more people I knew, the more reasons I found to collect.

I asked Simon if I could store a few items in the garage. Though it wasn't technically his, he'd long claimed it as his own. After a few weeks, he began to complain—especially about the televisions.

The Television Licence War

Things came to a head over a television licence. Unbeknownst to me, Simon had bought a licence only for his own room. A note from the licensing authority was slipped under my door, requesting I buy my own.

Simon's plan was clear: if I paid half the fee to renew his licence, I could legally watch the TV in the shared lounge. But I didn't watch TV—I was too busy repairing them for others. So I refused. That was the final straw.

Simon grew angry. One evening, while I was fixing a set in the lounge,

he exploded. In a fury, he smashed a chair across the table, threatening to hit me. He was a big man—six feet tall, solid. But I stood my ground, and he stormed back to his room.

I Take Over the House

Soon after, Simon and the other tenants moved out. The landlord, seeing the house empty, offered me the whole property for £400 a month and permission to sublet the rooms. I agreed. Thus began my stewardship of No. 2 Hayling Close—a house I filled with people and projects.

My shopping at Harrods continued.

I Take In Lodgers

My first lodger was Alan McCarthy, a window cleaner from Manchester. He had been sleeping in an old ambulance in a garage near Segensworth. He was a baptised Mormon, though not practising. He had almost nothing—but I took him in.

Not long after moving in, Alan drove a nail through a central heating pipe while trying to secure floorboards. Water went everywhere. He felt crushed—but I reassured him and soon fixed it.

Next came Sean Land—another drifter and friend of Alan's. Sean had been living in his Ford Fiesta through the winter. He had personal issues: broken relationships, no contact with his daughter, drug history… and smelly feet. His music was also too loud.

Then came Mark, then Joe Neve—a car enthusiast often in trouble with the police. Joe sold me a tidy little Ford Fiesta for £40, which replaced my old car TAN 707Y, bought years earlier from a motor vehicle lecturer at Fareham College.

My Best Car

Among the many vehicles I owned, the Fiesta I bought from Joe Neve was undoubtedly the best. For a mere £40, it served me well. So thank you, Joe—cheers.

A Run-in with the Police

Of course, older cars have their quirks. One evening, while driving back from Gosport, my exhaust pipe began to blow and, inevitably, I was pulled over by the police. They handed me a "Producer"—a form requiring me to fix the issue within seven days.

Later that evening, I went to pick up my daughter, Esther, from the Locks Heath Free Church. As I neared the church, I noticed my indicators had stopped working. Spotting another police car coming the other way, I panicked and quickly turned into the church car park.

Leaving the Fiesta unlocked and unattended, I tried to enter the church, only to find the doors shut. My heart sank. The police would no doubt see the car—with its cluttered interior—and assume I'd been burgling homes.

Wanting to avoid further hassle, I decided to leave the car and come back later. I walked round the back of the church and found myself needing to climb a wooden-spiked fence. As I straddled it, I slipped—straight onto the spikes—right in the groin. I was stuck, pierced, and in agony, all because I didn't want another vehicle defect notice.

Somehow, I got myself down and staggered up the road. My inner leg was wet and warm—not a good sign. I phoned Esther, found out where she was, and resolved to face the police and be done with it.

As I walked back down Hunts Pond Road, sure enough, the police were parked beside my Fiesta, inspecting it. I approached and asked if I could help. They asked if the car was mine. I explained I'd come to collect my daughter, only to find the group had ended early. A radio check confirmed I was indeed the car's owner, and—thankfully—it was taxed, insured, and in my name. They left, and I drove home. Not a word was said about the faulty indicators.

I went straight to bed, unaware of how badly I'd been injured. The next morning, my future wife, who was a nurse, came to see me and insisted I go to hospital. The wooden stake had pierced my left testicle, and blood was everywhere. It was not a sight for the faint-hearted.

At QA Hospital, they referred me to St Mary's for surgery. There, two

Indian doctors examined me. "This won't hurt," said one, while the other held a needle the size of a small sword. I was embarrassed, particularly when asked to explain how it had happened—they suspected I was a burglar fleeing the police.

I was sewn up and eventually discharged. I considered it a close shave—too close. I felt the Lord had a sense of humour, and perhaps a lesson was to be learned. If you think you know what it is, do email me!

The jeans I wore that night—torn and blood-stained—hung for a long time in my lounge, a token of the experience.

A Full House at Hayling Close

Soon after, Rob White—Sean's friend—moved in, occupying Baldric's old room. He brought with him a Jack Russell called Sally. Not long after, his girlfriend Carla Walsh, just 16 years old, was kicked out by her mother and moved in too.

Alan, meanwhile, had met Sam Jones from Manchester. She and her son John, along with their own Jack Russell, Bruno, moved in as well. The household was growing fast.

John reminded me of myself at his age—curious, northern-accented, always asking technical questions. Sam soon realised he'd become my apprentice.

Then came Joe's friend, Kinder, newly released from prison. He needed a place too. The lounge became his room, which had once been mine. So I moved out.

At one point, there were ten or eleven of us living under that roof—plus two dogs. It was chaotic. Rob and Carla, in particular, were poor at doing their washing up and always denied it. So I installed a second sink, which I dubbed the "Nobody's Washing Up Sink", scavenged from Harrods (the local dump).

The House Court

Around this time, my go-kart—gifted to me years earlier by a farmer in

Wantage Strict Baptist Chapel—was stolen from outside Silver Girl's house in Stubbington.

After a few enquiries, I found out who had taken it. Rather than involve the police, I decided to deal with it another way. I informed one of the boy's mothers, and she was supportive. I then went to the house, retrieved the kart, and told the lads to come to my house at 8 p.m. the next day—for a hearing.

In the lounge at number 2, I assembled a jury of former inmates, rogues, and redeemed reprobates. Alan McCarthy served as the judge. When the two 16-year-olds arrived, they stood silent as mice—despite their tough exteriors.

They pleaded guilty—or "very guilty"—and were fined £25 (the cost of a re-spray). They paid it. We never heard from them again. I hoped they had learned a lesson.

Life in a Tent

Eventually, space ran out. Friends of friends were constantly asking for rooms. To make space, I moved into a tent in the garden—constructed from scaffold poles and a large awning (courtesy of Harrods). It was rather grand, actually—complete with a wardrobe, table, drawers, and a hi-fi system. One visitor said I was like Lawrence of Arabia.

But summer passed, and winter crept in.

A mature student from Fareham College kindly offered me a room in Locks Heath, which I accepted until November 1996, when I planned to marry Silver Girl and live together properly. This also avoided breaching Fareham Borough Council's rules on overcrowding.

Do I Need a Good Woman or a Minder?

Looking back, I realise I was not safe living on my own. I needed a good woman—or as some joked, a minder. I often blame Silver Girl (with tongue in cheek) for the problems in Hayling Close. Had she been more of a homemaker, sensitive to the needs of others, she could have steered me away from many of the household's antics and soothed tensions with the

neighbours.

But she was a full-time working single mother, claiming equal rights and independence. She wasn't going to play the role of a traditional homemaker. Still, I jestingly say—Hayling Close was her fault.

A Fresh Look at Christian Marriage

During this time, I began studying Christian marriage afresh—seeking what the Bible truly said. Silver Girl and I agreed: we wanted a marriage rooted in Scripture.

I believed many societal problems stemmed from modern ideas portrayed through television—particularly the blurred lines between the roles of men and women. The push for absolute equality, I felt, had upset the natural balance and led to confusion and conflict.

I believed the root problem was that many women had rejected their God-given roles as helpers and had become, effectively, dictators in the home. In ages past, such behaviour might have warranted a trip to the ducking stool. Perhaps that was just my manic mind responding to conflict.

Over time—and with many arguments—I began to realise something deeper: women are generally more sensitive to relational dynamics than men. They perceive subtleties men miss. We blunder forward, unaware.

I tried to illustrate this in my teaching at Fareham College. In one lesson on tuned circuits, I likened the inductor to a man—plodding, strong, reactive. The capacitor, I said, was like a woman—sensitive, quick to respond, delicate in balance. The students loved it. We even made a video. I still think John Cleese would've found it hilarious.

Trying to Help Alan and Sam

One night, Silver Girl and I visited Sam. Alan had gone to a nightclub, and Sam was worried he'd revert to his old habits. We prayed together.

During our conversation, I said to Silver Girl, "There go I but for the grace of God"—meaning that had the Lord not changed my life, I too might be out on the town instead of at home with my family.

Silver Girl took this the wrong way. She became upset, believing I was saying I wanted to go clubbing—that it was only God stopping me from leaving her. She feared that if I ever turned from the Lord, I would turn from her too.

She left the house upset, and we were no help to Sam that night.

To this day, I don't know whether Silver Girl truly understood what I meant. Every Christian knows the heart is deceitful above all things, and we live by the grace of God. We do not trust ourselves—we trust Him who keeps us.

CHAPTER 8

Michael and the Philippines – "Paradise Express" (1995)

Around February 1995, Michael was once again brimming with ideas—this time he sought to start a travel venture under the name "Paradise Express." Having previously met Sir Freddie Laker, he was inspired to create a package holiday business centred in the Philippines. Michael had been to Angeles City and seen firsthand the nightlife, hotels, and so-called attractions. Unfortunately, these attractions were part of a well-known sex tourism scene. He struck partnerships with local businesses in that industry and began advertising in UK national newspapers.

When I saw the advertisements, I was appalled. I confronted Michael at Mum and Dad's house, expressing my dismay. I asked him, "Would you want your daughter Jessica to be used as one of these attractions?" He replied, "Of course not—but it's different over there. They love it."

Despite my warning, he continued.

Michael's Arrest

In June 1995, the lunchtime news at Fareham College broadcast the shocking update—an Englishman had been arrested in the Philippines, accused of promoting sex tours. That Englishman was Michael. The 10 o'clock ITN News that night aired footage allegedly showing Michael introducing a man to a child prostitute. It was horrifying. I groaned inwardly and couldn't comprehend it—Michael had never struck me as the type. He had always

been openly immoral, but not criminal.

In his letter to the Eastbourne Herald, Michael asked Anne Marie Shields to contact our parents as he couldn't reach them. He wrote, "I'm fine, but the thought of being on possible Death Row is getting to me. My attorney is great—so far we're winning."

Mum and Dad did not respond as he'd hoped. Likely, they were heartbroken and exhausted. Mum had already bailed him out in Bangkok when he'd overstayed his visa. This time she couldn't do it again.

Mum Dies of a Broken Heart

Our dear mother passed away on 29th February 1996. The official cause was pulmonary embolism and thrombosis—but I believe her heart was broken. Michael's arrest and the shame it brought upon our family must have contributed. It broke her.

Michael Was Set Up

At first, I had no sympathy. Michael had ignored all warning. His business encouraged fornication, exploiting the fallen nature of men. I had opposed it and told him so. However, I later learned more.

Michael claimed he was set up by Fr. Shay Cullen, an Irish priest, working with a news team from the UK. In his letters, Michael said the video footage was edited and spliced to make him appear guilty. He named Martin Cottingham and Adam Holloway as the men who posed as tourists and helped entrap him.

In 2000, five years after the event, I received the NBI report via Suny Wilson—another British man wrongfully sentenced to death but later acquitted. The report cleared Michael of child exploitation and instead cast serious allegations at Fr. Shay Cullen himself.

Still, in 1996, Michael was convicted of "promoting child prostitution" and sentenced to 14–16 years in New Bilibid Prison. The ITN footage was the prosecution's primary evidence.

Crime Prevention and Isaac

Whilst Michael was imprisoned, I was reflecting on my own life and responsibilities—especially towards my son Isaac. I wanted him to avoid the path I and Michael had walked. I began to understand the value of what I call Crime Prevention Programs (CPPs)—positive, creative outlets that steer young people away from crime.

One of these was BMX riding. Isaac got involved at 13 or 14. With his mates—including Luke Fuller—they transformed Skelly Woods into a fantastic BMX dirt track. The council, sadly, shut it down.

Later, Isaac became part of the Portsmouth Skate Park community. There, I met Dennis Wingham, who wowed me with a backflip on a battered BMX. These lads were energetic, creative—and off the streets. This was a real CPP.

Isaac became immersed in it all. In 2011, he was awarded "King of Southsea." He never went to prison. I thank God for that.

Other CPPs and Reflections

I got involved in music, drama, art, and public events. It was during my second marriage's breakdown, and these outlets kept me occupied, helped me make new friends, and share the gospel in relatable ways.

One excellent example is Faith and Football, with Portsmouth players like Darren Moore, Linvoy Primus, and Mick Mellows. Programs like these are essential. We mustn't withdraw from society like some religious sects do—the Brethren, Strict Baptists, or Jehovah's Witnesses. We are called to be in the world, though not of it (John 17:14–15).

Backflips and the Harbour Stunt

In 1995, at Portsmouth Harbour, I witnessed a group of BMX riders launching off ramps into the sea. It looked such fun, I decided to join in.

I managed to pull off my first backflip—at the age of 45! Encouraged by the crowd, I took it further. I parked my Fiesta at the harbour's edge, placed a ramp against it, and prepared to jump it. Dennis Wingham went first—with a crash helmet. Then it was my turn—no helmet. My daughters were

shouting, "Don't do it!" But I did—and succeeded. The crowd roared.

Someone asked how old I was. "Forty-five," I said. "He's the King!" came the cry.

Divorce Finalised

Though my marriage had already ended in practice, the legal divorce came through on 26th August 1996. I accepted it. I had failed.

But through it all, God was at work—in me, in my children, even in my brother's prison cell. He has a purpose in pain and a plan even in our failures.

"For the LORD is good; his mercy is everlasting; and his truth endureth to all generations." – Psalm 100:5 (KJV)

CHAPTER 9
My Future – Would I Ever Marry Silver Girl?

During this season of my life, I began wrestling seriously with the matter of sin, divorce, and remarriage in the light of Scripture. I knew from my understanding of the gospel that any hope of God's favour or help would require that my sins be dealt with—not swept under the carpet, but forgiven by the only means ordained by God: the death of His Son, Jesus Christ. As it is written: "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world" (John 1:29).

I trusted in that provision. I knew that no relationship with God could exist while I remained in my sins. The righteousness I needed was a gift, not earned, but received by faith. I believed that I had done what was necessary in seeking to put things right with my wife and family. Silver Girl and I had promised each other a Christian marriage, though the road was not easy. There were struggles of conscience, accusations from within, and deep sorrow for the hurt inflicted—especially upon my children. I truly regret the pain they endured.

Silver Girl, too, was plagued by insecurity. She feared I might return to my former wife at any moment. She felt used—as though she had merely been a step in the reconciliation process. In her fear, she often sought to separate, thinking this might shield her from eventual heartache. Her insecurity bred

mine. I could not bear the thought of losing her.

As I revisited the biblical teaching on marriage, I came to understand that our union had effectively occurred when we exchanged solemn promises to one another in September 1996. The Bible gives no prescriptive form for a wedding ceremony—it is silent on the cultural mechanics. Hence, I concluded that a marriage is established when mutual vows are made.

Nevertheless, a legal marriage has great value, particularly in bringing assurance and legitimacy in society. I desired a legal marriage with Silver Girl as soon as my divorce was finalised in August 1996, though this was delayed.

Rebekah's Field – A Marriage of the Heart

The place where we exchanged our vows was Rebekah's Field, near the old horse trough in Stubbington—a far more romantic spot than any Registry Office. It was September 1996. That moment, before God, was our true wedding day.

I was so taken by the occasion, I wrote a song titled Rebekah's Field, which I later sang at Oliver's Bar in Gosport during a "Beat the Band" competition on 5th May 2000. I must have been riding another manic high, for I also performed my song Can You Remember that evening.

A Wedding Reception at Asda

We both desired a simple and sincere legal ceremony. However, as my mood continued to rise, I took a light-hearted comment of Silver Girl's far too literally. She jokingly said we should have our reception at Asda. I approached the management of the Fareham branch—and to my delight, they agreed!

The story made the local and national press, and the attention proved overwhelming for Silver Girl. She called off the wedding.

As reported in THE NEWS, Fareham (Friday, November 22, 1996):

FAREHAM / Pressure Too Much for Bride-to-BeAsda Reception Couple Put Their Wedding on IceBy Tanya Johnson

A Fareham couple due to celebrate their marriage with a reception in a supermarket have postponed their wedding.

David Clarke and Silver Girl were due to tie the knot at Fareham Register Office this afternoon.

The ceremony was to be followed by a reception in the self-service cafeteria at Asda, Fareham. More than 20 guests were expected for a £2.50-a-head meal of roast chicken, lasagne, and hot pot.

Yesterday Dave, 47, contacted The News to say the wedding was not going ahead. "I regret to say the pressure has been too much," he said. "Silver Girl has called off the wedding."

Dave, an engineering lecturer at Fareham College, did not elaborate on his girlfriend's reasons. Silver Girl, a psychiatric nurse expecting the couple's first child, was also entering her second marriage.

"We want a nice wedding without all the expensive frills. But we hope it will still go ahead one day," he added.

Continuing in his unconventional style, Dave quipped, "I don't think my wife will be disappointed if I don't give her a wedding ring—but I'm not sure how she'll react to the ball and chain I've made!"

The Ball and Chain – Just a Bit of Fun

In jest, I crafted a literal ball and chain as a symbol of our union. I thought it was funny—Silver Girl did not. She pulled out of the wedding, but the press ran with the story anyway.

I even suggested our honeymoon might be spent in the tent I'd been living in, in my back garden that past summer. Unconventional, perhaps. But I believed love and simplicity could triumph.

CHAPTER 11
I Buy Number 11 Hayling Close

With my future so uncertain, I decided to buy a house of my own—

hoping it might one day become our marital home if ever Nurse Ratchet and I could finally make it together. This proved a wise move, as it gave me a retreat whenever tension arose between us. Nevertheless, I worked diligently to build our relationship.

The Fareham Registry Office

We had long planned to marry legally once I was free to do so. I completed the purchase of Number 11 Hayling Close in January 1997 and moved in at once. Shortly after, on 21st February 1997, we were married at the Registry Office in Fareham, followed by a reception at the Oast and Squire.

I was clearly on a manic high that day. In my chauffeur-driven car, I brought along a mannequin dressed in Silver Girl's clothes—just in case she didn't show up. In hindsight, it was absurd, but it made sense in the midst of my euphoria. After our honeymoon in Bournemouth, we returned not to Hayling Close, but to Silver Girl's home in Stubbington, beginning a new chapter together.

I Build an Extra Room Above the Garage

We never did live at Number 11. Instead, we made our family home in her house in Stubbington. I built a workshop in the garage and constructed a loft room above it—"The Den"—accessible via a staircase and a hidden door into the boys' room. With a Velux window, it became a haven for her son and his friends, often hosting sleepovers.

The garage also became my workshop for restoring items I'd found at "Harrod's" (the local dump). It was a productive and satisfying space.

My Father Dies

After Mum's passing in 1996, Dad lived alone in Eastbourne until he too passed away on 3rd March 1997, also from pulmonary embolism and deep vein thrombosis. Michael, my sister, and I were named in his will. I was able to inform Michael—still imprisoned in the Philippines—of this inheritance, which proved a crucial help to him as he tried to clear his name.

An Insecure Marriage

My first marriage had ended in divorce in August 1996, but a financial settlement dragged on until after my father's death in May 1997. During this time, news of my brother's prison sentence (October 1996), the heartbreak of my children, and my own inner turmoil made our new marriage feel anything but secure.

I felt inadequate, as if I were barely holding on. Silver Girl, too, was deeply anxious—especially over her inherited money, fearing my ex-wife might make a claim on it. A hypothetical conversation with a solicitor about divorce—meant only to clarify the legal situation—spiralled into a major argument. Silver Girl believed I was planning to divorce her. Nothing could convince her otherwise.

Accusations and Misunderstandings

There were bizarre and painful moments. On one occasion, Silver Girl woke in the early hours believing I had murdered a prostitute at Port Solent, simply because I had reacted strongly to a news story. She went to our church minister to discuss divorce.

Another time, at a meal in Chiquito's, I remarked that a spare rib was "intoxicating." This triggered a memory for her from months earlier when I had described a past experience with that same word. She assumed I was taunting her. I wasn't. But I couldn't change her mind.

Rebekah is Born

On 8th June 1997, our daughter Rebekah was born at Queen Mary's Hospital in Portsmouth. With dark hair and blue eyes, she brought joy into our lives. She even helped me in the workshop as she grew older—repairing my finds from Harrod's.

By this time, Harrod's had moved to Segensworth. One of my students, Lenny Butler, even worked there. He was known for his unconventional repair methods, like replacing a blown fuse with a nail or silver paper. It often worked—though certainly not recommended!

Life, in all its madness and mercy, rolled on.

"Except the LORD build the house, they labour in vain that build it:

except the LORD keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain." – Psalm 127:1 (KJV)

CHAPTER 12

Our First Holiday Away in France

This was a disaster as far as I was concerned. Rebekah was only a few months old. Nurse Ratchet had friends in France, and we stayed with them. We took her son and his friend in a Mitsubishi Space Wagon that I had renovated. I don't know what triggered it, but Nurse Ratchet soon fell into one of her cold, silent, and uncommunicative moods, and I noticed she began to pick holes in everything I did.

Insecurity

The insecurity we both experienced in our new marriage was a real problem. Without discussing personal matters in detail, I had to seek God more and more for strength. I was not coping well at all. The challenges included our children from previous marriages and the proverbial stepmother dynamic, which created tension.

After arguing for several days, I expressed to Nurse Ratchet my belief that a man and woman could not truly work in harmony without the help of God.

My Belief Sends Silver Girl Around the Bend

This conclusion sent Nurse Ratchet around the bend. She demanded to know what I would do if I turned away from God again—would I stay married to her? She entirely missed the point of my comment. I had meant that applying Christian principles was essential for resolving our difficulties. I believed Scripture outlined a way for us to live in harmony—where the lion could lay down with the lamb and the lamb not get devoured. I felt we needed this guidance.

Unfortunately, she felt threatened by this idea and could not be reassured. I believed that if we both truly sought God and followed His Word, we could enjoy a God-honouring, loving marriage. Anything less would be second-best.

No Way Forward Without the Help of God

I referenced 1 Corinthians 13:1–13, pointing out that the graces of love, patience, long-suffering, and forgiveness were essential—and came from God. Without them, our marriage was doomed. These principles were not optional.

Nurse Ratchet objected, saying many non-Christian marriages worked well without God. She missed my point again. I explained that such people had learned, by experience or upbringing, to apply the same principles that God promotes—love, patience, humility. Even if they didn't believe in God, they were following His ways.

Just like money is valid currency regardless of who spends it, God's ways work whether one acknowledges Him or not. Still, I believed we needed to learn from Scripture and apply it deliberately.

I believed our relationship could only succeed if it reflected Christ's love for the Church and the Church's submission to Christ. Without this, we would suffer—emotionally, spiritually, and relationally.

My Commitment

I reiterated my commitment to her: I would never leave her. If I were thrown out, that would be different—but I would never walk away. I had given my word.

I hoped she felt the same—that she would not leave or seek divorce, come what may. Our vows were sacred.

Do not let the sun go down on your wrath.

Love one another—consider the other before you speak or act.

Husbands, love your wives as Christ loved the Church.

Wives, reverence your husbands.

Children, obey your parents in the Lord.

CHAPTER 13

Our First Separation

This took place early in 1998 and was due to unresolved problems stemming from the baggage we both carried from our former marriages. We had faced issues such as the accusation that I was a murderer, the "spare rib" incident, the hypothetical divorce conversation, and memories of my first girlfriend when I was 16. The problems generally related to the children from our previous marriages, past relationships, misunderstandings, fears, and mistrust. My own fear was being deserted by Silver Girl.

Our arguments often produced knee-jerk reactions—either Nurse Ratchet insisting I leave, or me walking out in total frustration. Eventually, I was compelled to leave by Nurse Ratchet and returned to live at number 11 Hayling Close.

The Letter and My Son Isaac

In April 1998, Nurse Ratchet wrote a letter to me containing hurtful and derogatory comments about my eldest son, Isaac. Unfortunately, Isaac discovered the letter in my kitchen and read its contents. He became very angry with Nurse Ratchet and decided he did not wish to see her again. He informed his brother David, and both of them believed she was the cause of their mother's hurt, the family breakdown, and their own pain.

They maintained that Nurse Ratchet never expressed sorrow or gave an apology for the hurt she caused them or their mother. This was the root of the animosity between my children and Nurse Ratchet, particularly with David. It did not help the already strained relationship.

Off the Record Counselling

In utter despair and feeling unable to cope, I sought help from the Hampshire "Off the Record" counselling service offered at my college. This lasted for two years with regular weekly sessions. I learned that I had become the victim in our relationship, unable to express how I truly felt. I could articulate what I thought but not how I felt.

I also learned that I was not responsible for another person's feelings. So, I began to practice expressing how I felt, rather than stating what I thought.

If I expressed a feeling, no one could argue with that. If I stated a thought, it could be debated.

For example, instead of retaliating with anger to an insult, I learned to say, "I feel hurt and angry when you call me that. Let's talk about why you're upset." This opened a door to resolution rather than escalation.

I learned that each person is responsible for their own feelings. If someone said, "You make me feel sick," they were really expressing their own emotional reaction. I was not to blame for how they felt; rather, we could examine what I had said or done to see if it could be addressed.

The Drama Triangle: Persecutor, Victim, Rescuer

I learned about the destructive triangle roles we often fell into: the Persecutor, the Victim, and the Rescuer. Nurse Ratchet typically played the role of the Persecutor, marked by anger. I often fell into the Victim role, feeling hurt and rejected. Because of that, I gravitated to the Rescuer role—offering help to others who were homeless or disadvantaged, which eventually got me in trouble at Fareham College (more on that later).

At this time, I began to feel that the name Nurse Ratchet was more appropriate for my wife because of the way she needed to control me, our marriage, and my children.

Argument 368: Kneeing in the Testicles

One argument stands out and I numbered it Argument 368, as it seemed we had an argumet each day of our married life. Nurse Ratchet became furious with me, kneed me in the testicles, and refused to go to church that evening. She had wanted to discuss an upsetting matter, just as I was leaving to take Isaac, Luke Fuller, Joe Neve (a drug addict), and my daughter Eleanor to an evangelical meeting.

She insisted I cancel my plans and stay with her. I refused because I believed it was more important to take the children to church. Based on a previous traumatic incident involving her storming off with our baby daughter in Salisbury—after insisting I had never gotten over a former girlfriend from 30 years earlier—I feared a repeat of destructive behaviour. I felt it was best to wait and discuss the matter later with a mediator.

Because of my refusal, she assaulted me and demanded I leave the house or she would leave with Rebekah and her children. This led to her daughter ordering me out of the house; when I refused, she left instead and told her future in-laws she had been kicked out.

All such arguments were unpleasant and hurtful. They were triggered by misunderstandings, accusations, and emotional insecurity. I saw these outbursts and ultimatums as abusive and believed it was wrong to insist on high-stakes conversations without support or mediation. It was my intention to steer away from such destructive discussions unless we had Christian help to avoid further pain.

CHAPTER 14
Just Say I Love You – Try a Different Way (1997–98)

The arguments between Nurse Ratchet and me often involved my children from my first marriage. One particular evening, an argument was looming. At a prayer meeting that night at the Warsash church, I requested prayer and support. It was suggested that I try a different approach: instead of engaging in argument, I should simply say, "I love you," repeatedly and nothing more. I agreed to give it a try.

When I returned home, contention began in the bedroom. I simply said, "I love you," and repeated it. My wife thought I had gone mad and wanted me to say more. She called her daughter into the room to witness my response. Again, I just said, "I love you."

If I Were You, I'd Hit Him

My wife was furious. Her daughter, seeing her anger, turned and said, "If I were you, I'd hit him." At that moment, I felt a genuine fear that this could escalate into something far more serious—perhaps even violence. I wanted to remove myself from the situation until things had cooled down. So, as soon as my wife stepped out of the bedroom, I gathered my clothes and quietly slipped into the small upstairs room I had built above the garage. I locked the door behind me.

Soon, I heard a commotion outside the door as my wife and her daughter tried to figure out where I'd gone. I simply lay down on the floor and kept

still, hoping the tension would dissipate if I stayed hidden. But she wasn't content to leave it be. She eventually went into the garage, climbed the stairs I had constructed, and entered the roof space. There she found me lying down with my eyes closed, pretending to be asleep.

She opened the connecting door to the main house and called her daughter, saying I looked unconscious.

I Dare Not Open My Eyes

I felt it best to remain as still as possible, fearing that any sign I was awake might make her even more furious. She touched my body and, finding me cold, switched on an electric heater and placed it near my legs. It was too close, and I began to feel the burn—but I dared not move or make a sound.

Then I heard her daughter remark, "How selfish! He's not even thinking about his daughter." They both assumed I had tried to take my own life. Nurse Ratchet—that's what I now call my wife—telephoned my ex-wife to ask if I had ever done anything like this before. She also called the doctor, and things quickly began to spiral.

It was late in the evening. Tension was high. I stayed motionless until the doctor finally arrived. At that point, I opened my eyes and calmly explained that we'd had an argument and I simply needed some space. The doctor, to his credit, understood and advised her to leave me in peace.

Suicidal Thoughts

Not long after this episode, I shared with members of our prayer group that I had experienced suicidal thoughts. These feelings stemmed from the strain in our marriage and the fear of being abandoned. One of the elders, a man named Peter Jacob, prayed with me—and from that moment, things began to improve. The "black dogs" of depression began to lift.

I had grown to respect the insight of the medical profession, and I resolved to maintain the mental stability I had regained by continuing with the prescribed treatment—lithium for what was diagnosed as manic depression (bipolar disorder). It reminded me of Oliver Cromwell's exhortation to his troops: "Trust in God and keep your powder dry." For me, it was: "Trust in the Lord and keep taking the lithium."

Our relationship continued to be a rollercoaster of emotional highs and lows. Van Gogh once said, "Emotions are the captains of our lives," and I was certainly being steered by powerful forces at this time. I took responsibility for monitoring my condition—regular blood tests, faithful medication, and regular contact with Dr Walmsley, even after I was officially discharged from needing care. I remained vigilant, for I feared the lurking shadow of depression.

Nurse Ratchet Is Jealous of My Song

Following that episode, I felt a stirring within to write a song of praise to the Lord in thanksgiving for the help and deliverance I had received. I composed a piece titled "Spirit of the Lord, Come Down," and sang it at the church in Warsash. It was a heartfelt offering—both a cry and a testimony. I had been rescued, once more, from a life of sin and confusion, much like in 1970 when I was first delivered from drugs, rebellion, and moral failure.

Though I had stumbled again into sin, I had now, by grace, been brought back to a place of repentance and hope. However, when Nurse Ratchet heard the song, she confessed she was jealous because it wasn't about her. I was astonished by this response—it seemed to reveal a deep insecurity. Wanting to show her that she had no reason to feel overlooked, I rewrote the lyrics into a love song for her titled "Can You Remember."

Sadly, I never had the chance to sing it to her, as we separated shortly after in November 1998. Nevertheless, I continued to perform it elsewhere, and eventually made plans to record and release it as a single.

Joining the Warsash Church

Around October 1998, just weeks before our final separation, we had been attending the church at Warsash. Without any discussion, Nurse Ratchet began attending a different church in Titchfield. I continued at Warsash. Around this time, one of the elders approached me and invited me to become a member of the church. But with everything going on, that was the last thing on my mind. I told him I'd consider it.

CHAPTER 11

Our Second and Final Separation

The tensions between Nurse Ratchet and my children reached a breaking point. On the 4th of November 1998, I left our home and moved into 11 Hayling Close. I felt hollow, dreading what lay ahead, weighed down by a deep depression.

Nurse Ratchet had frequently insisted I leave. She warned that if I didn't go, she would get her ex-husband to come and remove my belongings. It became clear I had no choice. I began making arrangements—securing my finances and safeguarding my personal effects. I left that morning, knowing she would be of no help in resolving matters once I was gone.

Some time earlier, following my father's passing, I had given Nurse Ratchet £4,000. She declined it at first but agreed to hold onto it "for safekeeping." I opened an ISA in her name and deposited the money. But in the weeks before I left, I realised I would likely never see it again. When I asked for it back, she refused. She continued pressing me to leave.

So I wrote to the ISA provider, updated the address to 11 Hayling Close, and the following week I wrote again—this time closing the account and signing the letter in her name. The transaction went through, and I received the cheque with the full balance plus interest. While legally questionable, I felt I had little alternative. This action enraged her, and she called me a hypocrite.

The Diary Revelation

What hurt more was discovering, after the fact, that she had been deliberately cruel in the final weeks of our marriage, hoping to drive me out. I found this out by reading her private diary entries from October 1998. One entry read:

"The more horrible you are to someone, the more Dave is drawn to them—he always sides with the ones being got at. So I'll be even more horrible, and he may go to his darlings. His loyalty to me is disgusting."

It became clear that her behaviour toward my children had been calculated, not accidental. My protective instincts kicked in, as would any father's, and I felt compelled to shield them from her hostility. This wasn't just emotional—it was a matter of Christian duty.

She continued in her diary:

"I'm sick of hearing their names. I wish he'd just live with them at wonderful number 11."

And on Thursday, 15th October 1998, she wrote:

"I am full of rage and feel sick and in knots. I hate all of them… They have evil in them—they need to be away from others."

Nurse Ratchet, a trained psychiatric nurse, had made up her mind about my children. She even had a name for them: "The Klu Clarke Clan."

My Children
The 'Clu Clarke Clan'

I knew there was trouble brewing at home and, in my efforts to find a peaceful resolution, I suggested we seek help from the Family Mediation Service. The situation had become so caustic between all of us that I believed external support was both necessary and wise. Sadly, Nurse Ratchet (as I've come to call her) was deeply offended by the suggestion. As a qualified adult mental health nurse, she saw no need for such help and took my suggestion as an insult.

Her diary entry of 26th October 1998 revealed just how bitter things had become. She wrote:

"I want to kill him."

A week later, she told me—quite plainly—that my daughters Eleanor and Esther were no longer Rebekah's sisters. Instead, she claimed that Gillian, a young girl who occasionally babysat for her, was now to be considered Rebekah's sister. In the same breath, she said she wished Rebekah had a different father.

I discovered these words in her private diary when I briefly returned to the house while she was at work, shortly after our separation.

I left the home and took all my belongings on 4th November 1998.
Nurse Ratchet's Objection to My Church Membership

In those difficult weeks leading up to my departure, the idea of joining the church at Warsash was hardly foremost in my mind. The turmoil at home overwhelmed everything else. However, I had longed for fellowship and felt rejected by Nurse Ratchet. In the midst of this, I sensed the Lord saying, "If your wife rejects you, I will receive you." With that comfort in heart, I decided to join the church and felt welcomed.

After our separation, Nurse Ratchet was informed by one of the elders that I was about to be received as a member. I later heard she was angry and disturbed by this. For reasons unclear, she felt I should not be admitted, citing allegations she had made in writing to the Family Mediation Service (see her letter dated 8th December 1998). She was furious and expressed that it felt to her like I had taken another woman—such was her perception of my joining the church.

This comment was overheard by Gillian, the babysitter, who then relayed it to my youngest son, David. He was incensed. He felt that Nurse Ratchet's words were malicious and that they had upset her son, who was now treating him with hostility.

When David told me what she had been saying, I determined to ask her directly. In our conversation, I learned that she hadn't said I had another woman—only that it felt like it. Even so, she demanded that David apologise to both her and her son face to face and insisted that I not see him again until he had done so.

David found this demand too painful and couldn't face the confrontation. He agreed, instead, to write a letter of apology.

Nurse Ratchet's Anger Toward the Church

The nurse remained upset with the church for considering my membership. She believed I was unfit. Yet, she didn't want to meet with the elders to express her concerns.

She sent me a letter in which she declared that if I went ahead and joined the church, she would take it as a sign that I no longer wanted reconciliation. To her, my joining would mean the marriage was over. I found this deeply frustrating and could not accept such emotional blackmail. Her controlling behaviour only confirmed that I had to act according to conscience.

At this point, I also asked her to return my unpublished manuscript about the Bierton Strict and Particular Baptist Church, which she refused. I felt entirely alone. Eventually, I published the book in 2003 under the title The Bierton Crisis.

The elders, to their credit, felt she was mistaken and that speaking to her further would not prove helpful.

I Decide to Join the Church

Refusing to yield to manipulation, I wrote the following letter to her on 10th December 1998:

Dear SG,

I have spoken tonight at the church meeting regarding your desire to speak to the elders about their decision to receive me into membership.

I explained that you were very upset and angry—understandably so, given the things I had said and done, including signing your name (wrong as that was). I acknowledged I had hurt you in arguments and that I had asked for your forgiveness.

I also told them how you felt that me joining the church was like taking another woman, and that you thought they were driving us further apart. I mentioned what Elder R.B. and your own minister had said about the Warsash church—that they were in agreement with you that I should not be admitted because of my failings.

Despite my best efforts, the elders did not agree. They said you are welcome at Warsash any time and that they love you. Will mentioned that you had once been invited to become a member yourself, but did not respond. He said he had tried on many occasions to reach out to you for the sake of the children and me.

John and Sue C. were also present, and Sue seemed understanding. I believe she would be happy to support you if you reached out.

I had hoped the church would offer a joint meeting with yourself and whoever else you wished present, to answer your concerns. But they didn't feel it would help. Still, they affirmed their welcome to you.

I've taken your warning seriously. I now see that if you insist my joining the church means I want separation—despite me telling you otherwise—then this is a threat. And if it is indeed a threat, then it seems you are asking me to choose between you and Christ.

But Jesus said:
"Every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my name's sake, shall receive an hundredfold, and shall inherit everlasting life."
(Matthew 19:29, KJV)

I love you more than you've ever realised. I believe God gave you to me as my heart's desire. I am deeply sorry for the hurt I've caused. Please forgive me.

Yet you have said if I follow Christ by joining the church, you will leave me. You've told me I may not even bring Rebekah with me to the service. I find that heartbreaking, but now I know what I must do.

If the Lord wills, I shall join the Warsash Church on Sunday, 13th December 1998.
If you are willing to talk, or if you wish me to meet with R.B., D.C., or V.F., I am available Friday or Saturday.

I love you. Please do not forsake me. We have much yet to hope for—in the Lord.

With love,
David

I Decide Against Joining the Church

Upon reflection, I reconsidered. I thought that perhaps by delaying membership, reconciliation might be possible. I explained my decision to B.T. and his wife, and also to B. and I. They kindly agreed to meet with us both to offer counsel.

I wrote the following letter to Silver Girl on 20th December 1998:

Dear Silver Girl,

You may not know, but I did not join the church at Warsash last Sunday. I hoped this decision would help towards reconciliation, as you had expressed your unhappiness about it.

I also reached out to B. and I., and to B.T. and his wife, to ask if they would be willing to speak with us both. They agreed and said they would be pleased to help.

I have a Christmas gift for Rebekah and would dearly like it to be from both of us. How do you feel about that?

Is there any way I might see you over Christmas? I miss you more than I can say—if you've not yet given up on us.

Yours in love,

David

Summary

I would earnestly encourage all those contemplating marriage—and especially those seeking to understand the biblical view on relationships between men and women—to read and reflect upon my article on Christian marriage.

Women Elders and the Church at Warsash

My own experiences—particularly the deep and painful challenges I faced in my marriage—taught me to be watchful regarding the increasing trend of women assuming positions of leadership and authority, both in society and within the Christian home. You can imagine my alarm, then, when the following took place at the church in Warsash.

It was the start of a new year—January 1999. A number of elders and members had recently departed to begin a new meeting at the Hilton Hotel in Farlington. It was then announced that the remaining elders at Warsash were seeking nominations for additional elders—and astonishingly, women were invited to apply.

This came as a shock to me. I had believed this church aimed to follow the New Testament pattern of church order and practice. After all, they had named themselves the "Jesus is Lord" church. From my understanding of Scripture, this decision contradicted the very Lord they claimed to follow.

Having fallen grievously myself—through the sin of adultery—I knew well the cost and pain that comes from disobeying God's commands. My own failure had led to heartbreak and sorrow. Thus, I could not ignore the parallel. Just as adultery is clearly forbidden by the commandments of God, so too is the appointment of women as elders in Christ's Church. To go against the plain teaching of Scripture is to invite error and judgement, turning from both the commandments of God and the gospel of Christ.

I remembered, too, that they had recently invited me to join the church. They wished to strengthen their numbers in order to take a stand within the United Reformed Church on two key matters of controversy at the time: first, the ordaining of homosexuals to positions of leadership, and second, the appointment of women elders.

When I raised my concerns, presenting Scriptural evidence and reasoning, I was met with resistance. Despite the clarity of the biblical case, I was eventually told to remain silent if I wished to continue attending.

That, to me, was the final sign. Conscience demanded I take a different path. I could not endorse, by my silence or presence, what I believed to be a serious departure from the apostolic order. It was then that I wrote and published my book Mary, Mary Quite Contrary—a detailed response to the question of women being appointed as elders in the Church.

Mary, Mary Quite Contrary

And now republished as *Eldership Is Male or Alternatively Only A Woman Can Be Pregnant*.

Now in Its Third Edition

The core of the matter, from a Christian point of view, is as follows:

Since the fall of Adam, God pronounced a curse upon all involved—the serpent, the man, the woman, and the ground itself. Adam would labour

in toil and hardship, earning his bread by the sweat of his brow until he returned to dust. The woman, meanwhile, would experience great sorrow in childbirth. Her natural desire would be to usurp the place of her husband—but he was appointed to rule over her (Genesis 3:16–19).

In Christian marriage, the man is the head of the wife, even as Christ is the head of the Church. As the Church is subject unto Christ, so must the wife be subject to her husband (Ephesians 5:22–24).

This divine order was established as a consequence of the Fall, and, having been instituted by God Himself, remains binding. The curse has not been lifted, nor has the created order been overturned.

We are not at liberty to revise what God has ordained. The order set by Christ governs relationships between husbands and wives, parents and children, and within the Church itself. It is not for us to imagine we know better.

This divine order continues to this very day—evidenced by the fact that the effects of the Fall remain. Therefore, the order of headship and submission, within marriage, the family, and the Church, must likewise remain.

The book is now available in audio format on iTunes, and also freely accessible via the Internet Archive:

Internet Archive URL:
https://archive.org/details/mary-mary-quite-contrary-3rd-edition-issuu

I Leave the Church at Warsash

As expected, I eventually withdrew from the Warsash church and began attending the new fellowship that had formed at the Hilton Hotel in Farlington.

Ongoing Difficulties in Seeing My Daughter

Since our separation in November 1998, I had faced significant problems in seeing our daughter, who was just 18 months old at the time. Nurse

Ratchet did all she could to prevent access—not only between myself and our daughter, but also between her and her older siblings from my first marriage. David, in particular, became a focus of her hostility, owing to a situation that arose when she heard I was to become a member at the Warsash church.

In my efforts to resolve matters peaceably, I helped David write a letter of apology, hoping this might ease tensions and open the door to reconciliation.

My Son's Letter of Apology to Nurse Ratchet

Dated: 23 February 1999

Dear [Nurse Ratchet],

It has been a long time since I have seen my dad, as he was angry with me for saying things about you and S. I have written to him to apologise. He said I should see you face to face, but I'm sorry—I find that too difficult.

Please accept my written apology.

I was hurt because I thought you had been saying things about my dad, and it hurt me. I was trying to protect him, and it seemed as though you were trying to stop me from seeing him.

I am sorry I got it wrong and said those things. I know it upset both my dad and you.

Yours sincerely,
D.C. Junior

Nurse Ratchet Refuses Reconciliation

After David's letter was delivered, I followed up by inviting Nurse Ratchet to speak with him directly in the hope of mending the rift. Her response was sharp and unyielding.

Letter from Nurse Ratchet
Dated: 22 July 1999

Dear David,

Thank you for your letter.

No, I do not feel any need to see your son, thank you. I feel much better since I no longer have to see any of them! (Not E.)

If it had been my son spreading vicious rumours about his father's new wife, I would have taken him by the scruff of the neck and marched him round to apologise. That's proper discipline, in my view.

But you won't do that—you treat David like a baby, wrapping him in cotton wool. Your promise not to see him until he apologised was empty, and he knows exactly how to manipulate you.

You and I have different views on discipline. If he's got a grievance, he should be brought to me—not the other way around. I find him spoilt, manipulative, nasty, and spiteful—and that needs correcting.

I never wanted to speak to David in the first place. You should have made him apologise. I see now that you're not capable of doing that.

I think it was cunning of you to make me believe David hadn't read my letter. You said you'd try to persuade him—but didn't say he'd already read it. That explains a lot about his behaviour.

I have no further need to speak with you and agree it's best we avoid arguing. Let's move forward—the past is dead. I won't interfere unless I hear David is seeing our daughter.

It was lovely that S rang while on holiday because he missed her. That's what I call love.

I hope Sunday evening goes well for you.

Take care,

Yours in love,
N. Ratchet

P.S. If you need to talk about your children, I've already offered to speak to Peter Jacob or anyone else—if you want. I don't need it. I'm happy

as it is.

P.P.S. May I have back the TV you gave me for Christmas? Also, do you have a mattress for B___'s bed?

This Is Not Christian Conduct

Nurse Ratchet's response was disappointing. It did not reflect the pattern of reconciliation laid out in Scripture. Her insistence that I should have forced David to apologise ran counter to biblical teaching. According to the Lord Jesus:

"Moreover if thy brother shall trespass against thee, go and tell him his fault between thee and him alone: if he shall hear thee, thou hast gained thy brother."

(Matthew 18:15, KJV)

The responsibility lies with the offended party to take the first step in reconciliation. Furthermore, Scripture exhorts us to forgive, even as God for Christ's sake has forgiven us. As the Lord taught us to pray:

"Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us."

From a human point of view, Nurse Ratchet was a woman in her forties, professing to be a Christian. David, by contrast, was a fifteen-year-old boy—still young, still hurting, and without a Christian profession. He had experienced the loss of his father's household due to her actions, and his feelings of anger were not irrational.

It was Nurse Ratchet who voiced her grievances in front of Gillian, the fifteen-year-old babysitter. Gillian then repeated what she heard to David—thus creating the very rift that later caused so much strife. A mature adult, especially one in a caregiving profession, ought to have known better than to speak in such a way around impressionable young people.

The Word of God Must Be Our Guide

The Scriptures are clear. They are our rule for life, for marriage, and for conflict resolution. When we deviate from their instruction, we should not be surprised when relationships break down.

This same principle was at the heart of one of our arguments—when I told Nurse Ratchet that without God in our marriage, it would fail. That truth sent her into a rage.

When I received her final letter, I sighed inwardly. I was reminded of the parable of the unmerciful servant—the one who, having been forgiven much, refused to forgive a fellow debtor.

The Parable of the Unforgiving Servant

(Matthew 18:23–35, paraphrased with reverence)

"Therefore is the kingdom of heaven likened unto a certain king, which would take account of his servants."

One servant owed the king ten thousand talents, yet could not pay. The king, moved with compassion, forgave the debt.

But that same servant went out and found another who owed him a mere hundred pence. He seized him, saying, "Pay what thou owest!"

Though his fellow servant begged for mercy, he would not relent—and had him thrown into prison.

When the king heard of it, he was wroth and said, "O thou wicked servant, I forgave thee all that debt… shouldest not thou also have had compassion?"

And so the unmerciful servant was delivered to the tormentors.

"So likewise shall my heavenly Father do also unto you, if ye from your hearts forgive not every one his brother their trespasses."

(Matthew 18:35, KJV)

Whether tormentors came or not, I believed the warning stood.

CHAPTER 12
How My Life Was Affected

During this time of deep emotional strain, I now believe I subconsciously

manufactured manic highs as a means of escaping depression. This is only a theory of mine—but I was doing all I could to function, remain faithful to my job, and find outlets for the emotional weight I was carrying.

At Fareham College, where I worked as a lecturer in electronics, I came into difficulty during the summer term. We were running the Electronic Servicing 224 practical examination, under the supervision of an external assessor from Portsmouth College. This was part of the national RTEEB (Regional Technical Examinations and Educational Board) standard.

One of my better students, who had paid his own fees and shown dedication, made a minor mistake in his practical test. Knowing his capabilities and wishing to help him, I corrected his test script so that he would not fail for such a simple oversight.

Unfortunately, the external examiner spotted the amendment and reported it to senior management. I justified my actions to myself, believing I alone was best placed to judge the student's abilities after two years of teaching him. He was more than competent. As it turned out, he had earned enough marks to pass regardless of my alteration.

Still, I was called to a disciplinary hearing and narrowly avoided dismissal. In my defence, a number of former students gave written testimonials on my behalf—including Mike Fisher of Gosport and Michael Evans of Petersfield. Their words affirmed my dedication and integrity in teaching, and I was issued a written warning for one year.

Steven Murray

In May 1999, I was approached by a woman seeking help for her stepson, Steven Murray, a young man of 20. He reminded me very much of my own son, Isaac. Although I was hesitant to take him in—he was unemployed at the time and would be relying on housing benefit to cover rent—he assured me he would soon find work. Moved by compassion and hope, I agreed.

I felt perhaps the Lord had brought him to me for a reason. I shared my testimony with him—my own conversion, my troubled past, and my Christian faith. I knew little about Steven's background, but I sensed it had been a troubled one. I gave him a draft copy of Converted on LSD Trip, hoping it might speak to him.

With his evident knack for electronics, I enrolled him at Fareham College. I encouraged him to begin repairing goods we had acquired from Harrod's for resale. He proved to be industrious and successful at it.

I also took him with me to church. He showed real interest, became involved with the sound system, and even expressed faith in Christ. In time, he was baptised in the sea at Lee-on-the-Solent. This filled me with joy—it was reminiscent of my own experience of salvation over thirty years earlier.

A Changed Life – Newspaper Coverage

The News, Thursday, 24th June 1999
By Lorna Vicars

"Baptism at Sea Marks Start of My New Life"

A reformed Fareham drug user and thief was baptised in the sea to mark the beginning of his new life.

Steven Murray, 21, once took drugs, stole cars, and burgled homes. But after turning to Christ, everything changed. The baptism took place at the slipway at Lee-on-the-Solent Sailing Club, where about 30 friends and family gathered to witness the event.

He had left school at 15, worked in decorating and carpentry, but soon fell into drug use and petty crime.

"I was getting into trouble with the police," Steve said, "thieving cars and motorbikes. I didn't know why I kept doing it—but it felt normal at the time."

He recalled praying for the first time when his girlfriend Tyrone Finlayson was giving birth to their daughter Rhiannon—a risky labour that prompted him to cry out to God.

"That's when things started to change," he said.

Now attending the Christian Gospel Church, which meets at the Hilton Hotel in Farlington, Steve chose sea baptism following the example of John the Baptist.

"My life hasn't stopped," he said. "I still go out, have a laugh—but I go to church now. Something's been filled in me—I've got someone there. I pray, and I hope everything will be all right. I see a happy future."

A Promising Start… Then Concerns

Not long after, he got a job at the Post House Forte Hotel in Segensworth and was even able to see his daughter again. I gifted him my wedding suit to celebrate his baptism—he needed proper clothing, and I wanted to encourage him.

Despite warnings from others about Steven's past, I chose not to believe them. I believed, as Scripture says, "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature" (2 Corinthians 5:17). Sadly, as time passed, concerns began to arise. His drinking continued, he gambled, and his treatment of young women troubled me. I and others in the church prayed for him.

I had another lodger at the time, and together they would play music loudly—so loudly that neighbours began to complain. Matters worsened when my daughter's bicycle went missing. I decided to ask the other lodger, Dan, to leave. He later accused me of showing favouritism toward Steve, claiming it was because of his baptism.

Then came a serious incident. While helping at church one Sunday morning, the offering—£400 in cash—disappeared. Not long after, my motorbike—a recently acquired Honda 250cc Super Dream—was stolen. It was later returned, but with damage to the front forks, broken locks, and missing wing mirrors. Strangely, Steve had asked to borrow it the day before and claimed he held a full licence.

Both Steve and Dan denied any knowledge of the money or the bike.
The Bad Boys

Steve Murray and Dan Bullimoore
They denied any involvement in the theft of the motorbike.

Shortly afterwards, I received a call from Steve's employer—he hadn't shown up for work and had been let go. He then informed me he was going back on benefits, claiming he wasn't earning enough. At this point, it was clear he had been dishonest, and I gave him notice to leave.

On 27th July 1999, I received a call from a cheque-cashing bureau in Fareham. They had tried to cash a £220 cheque issued to Steve Murray that bounced. I was advised to report the matter to the police. During the investigation, it came to light that Dan had also withdrawn £100 from my account and made another withdrawal of £380 from my Nationwide account.

Even after both men had gone, I suffered further theft. Most heartbreaking was the loss of my 1983 Fender Stratocaster guitar—a cherished American instrument—along with my 8-track digital recorder. The police later recovered the guitar… from none other than Steve Murray.

Press Coverage and Church Criticism

When I reported the theft to the local paper, they printed the story. Sadly, this led to criticism—not for Steve, but for me. A senior figure in our church scolded me, concerned only with the reputation of the church rather than the injustice I had endured.

This saddened me deeply. I found it strange. The Bible records the failings of men—Judas Iscariot among them—without hiding the truth. If the Scriptures are willing to tell the whole story, why should we not?

Elly's Go-Kart Accident

During this time, I tried to maintain some normality for my daughter Elly, taking her and her friends for a ride in our go-kart. Steve had told me he'd repaired the brakes, assuring me all was in order.

But he hadn't. The brakes failed. Elly went flying down Tanners Lane at full speed and crashed into a ditch.

The News – Tuesday, 25th May 1999
By Neil Durham

Elly and the Go-Kart

Music as an Emotional Outlet

Music became a form of therapy for me. It gave expression to my internal struggles and fears. I began recording the song I had written for Nurse

Ratchet. I practised for weeks—guitar in hand—singing it at home.

One evening, at Murphy's Bar in Southampton, while listening to a group called The Shack, I asked if I could perform. I introduced myself as Dave Clarke—from the 60s. The response was encouraging. That led to another performance at the Wyvern, in Lee-on-the-Solent.

The News – MUSIC Section – 19th December 1999
By Richard Hargreaves

Lecturer Plans to Release Self-Penned Single

A Fareham College electronics lecturer—whose name echoes a 1960s pop star—is preparing to enter the charts.

By day, he teaches electronics. But in the year 2000, he hopes his music will take centre stage.

Dave Clarke at the Wyvern

When the melody came to me, I knew it wasn't something to be forgotten. It had that rare quality that insists on being shared—and I felt compelled to record it.

Living at Hayling Close, I took the bold step of turning a local pub into a makeshift recording studio. The song was "Can You Remember", and I believed it had real potential—possibly even a hit. At one point, I even considered sending it to Sir Paul McCartney. But instead, I gathered four students from Fareham College, and together we became a kind of 1999 "Dave Clarke Five."

The Wyvern pub, in Lee-on-the-Solent, became the stage. Regulars made up the audience, and local duo The Shack joined us for the performance. "I wrote this song for my wife," I told the crowd. "Everyone I've played it to says the same thing—it's good."

Having followed The Shack around for some weeks, often with an entourage in tow, I occasionally joined them on stage. And with a name so close to the original 1960s pop star Dave Clark (without the 'e'), it sparked curiosity. Some assumed I was the real article. "It's been so long since the

original band was around," I quipped, "you can get away with it."

The Shack graciously noted that while I might not be quite as tuneful, I brought energy and stage presence. Ian Hamilton, lead singer of the group, gave "Can You Remember" its first live run that night. "It's catchy," he said. "I think it could be successful. Dave's always going on about the original Dave Clark."

To keep up appearances, I arrived at the Common Barn Lane pub in a limousine—well, it was actually a hearse—accompanied by screaming groupies, all students from the college.

Though I never intended this as a full-time music career, I did hope to polish the master and release it as a one-off single.

I later sang the song at various local venues, including a "Beat the Band" competition at Oliver's Bar in Gosport, and The Contented Pig in Portsmouth. I even submitted it to the X Factor. One day, I still believe it may become a hit.

Taken to the Police Station

After one such performance, I was taking Elly and her friends home. I happened to be dressed in my Petty Officer's naval uniform, and as we passed through Stubbington, Elly began to feel unwell. I stopped the car, which caught the attention of a passing police patrol. They questioned me, breathalysed me, and took me to Fareham Police Station for further checks.

At the station, I saw Alan and several others who had been picked up for suspected driving offences. The officers assumed I was a naval officer and asked me to wait at the end of the line. By the time I was tested, my alcohol level had returned to safe limits, and I was released.

A Christmas Card for Miss Bulled

I spent Christmas 1999 alone. Still, I wanted to share some cheer—and took the opportunity to invite my children's headmistress, Miss Bulled of Henry Cort School, to our church's Christmas celebration in Farlington.

To combine thoughtfulness with subtle evangelism, I designed a

Christmas card with photographs of my children on the front. The message read:

We wish you a meaningful Christmas and a new birth for the New Year.

St. John 3:5–7

David Clarke, children, and friends invite you to our Christmas Celebration at the Hilton International, Farlington.

The card was signed from "The Family", with names listed beneath:

Granddad, Grandma, Elly, Esther, Dad, David, Isaac, Rebekah and Daddy

When my children discovered what I'd done, they were utterly mortified—and they still haven't quite forgiven me! That said, Miss Bulled was gracious. She thanked me kindly for the invitation, which softened the blow somewhat.

Rupert Bear Helps David

Around this time, my mind remained alive with ideas. I had just learnt how to scan colour images into a computer and print in full colour. This led me to create a storybook using Rupert Bear cartoons, expressing my longing to sing "Can You Remember" to Silver Girl on Christmas Day 2000.

The storybook, accompanied by a music CD, was sent to my daughter that Christmas. It took me a whole year to devise this creative way of reaching out.

The story featured Rupert Bear rallying students from my college classes to help form a band so that David could perform his song. An excerpt:

Rupert is a lovely bear, he's always kind and always fair.
When David was a little boy, he told his dream to Rupert Bear.

The CD and book were sent to be read and heard together—a musical story with heartfelt intentions.

Desperate Measures Rock Band

This musical energy continued into a new project with my students. They

had formed a band called Desperate Measures, and I offered to help with promotion and management. Looking back, I realise this was another way I was channelling my emotional energy—coping with marriage difficulties by throwing myself into new creative highs.

To generate publicity, I came up with a bold idea: one of the band members would live in a coffin for a week. Each day, they'd be carried to different eateries around Fareham, receiving meals in exchange for the stunt. The band would also compete in the "Beat the Band" contest at Oliver's Bar on 5th May 2000.

I Build the Coffin

With everyone's agreement, I got to work. I built the coffin at Fareham College, painted it black, and emblazoned it with the promotional message. Then, I tied it to the roof of my bright yellow Ford Fiesta and drove it around the area to drum up attention.

"Coffin on the Roof of My Fiesta"

The stunt gained significant interest. However, Mark Rogers, the band member who was to sleep in the coffin, pulled out at the last moment. He feared it might affect his Job Seeker's Allowance and housing benefit. The band cancelled the event.

Determined not to let the effort go to waste, I recruited a new face. I took the coffin to the main hall of Fareham College and asked the first suitable student to pose inside. It happened to be Gavin, a guitarist from Portchester. Thus began a new musical venture:

Dave Clarke and the Resurrection – from the 60s

Mark Rogers Bottles Out

Mark Rogers was originally meant to be the frontman for our band and the one to sleep in the coffin for a week as part of our publicity stunt. Sadly, he lost his nerve at the last minute—what we'd call "bottled out"—which forced us to find a replacement.

Gavin Marks—The Replacement

Gavin, one of our students and an excellent lead guitarist, stepped up. The photo of him lying in the coffin, taken at Fareham College, made it look like it had been built for him. Initially, I'd received permission from the principal to place the coffin in the college hall, but he later changed his mind and asked us not to proceed. Fortunately, the photograph had already been taken.

The new band was formed: Gavin, Morrison-Govern, Mike Fisher, Vince from Gosport, and myself as lead singer.

House Nearly Burned Down

It was around this time that Mark Rogers, while staying at my home at 11 Hayling Close, accidentally caused a house fire. I was away that night, recruiting Ceroc dancers for our upcoming musical event in Gosport, when I got a call saying the house was ablaze.

I immediately asked, "Is everyone safe?" Mark assured me they were. The fire brigade and police had arrived. My children, David and Elly, had escaped unharmed, though the kitchen had been completely burnt out.

Here's the newspaper headline that followed:

> Blaze may have been avoided — if batteries had been fitted to detectors
> FIREFIGHTERS IN ALARM WARNING

Coffin Stolen

During the days leading up to the stunt, my daughter Esther asked to borrow my yellow Fiesta. I agreed, on one condition—that she drive it with the coffin still strapped to the roof. I can't now recall whether she did or didn't. But the next day, the coffin had vanished.

I reported the matter to the police, and naturally, it made the local paper:

> The News – Tuesday, 24th March 2000
> Coffin Stolen from Ford Fiesta Roof

Not to Be Deterred

A few days later, the coffin was recovered. We were back in business.

The News – Saturday, 15th April 2000
Coffin Found – Band Stunt Resurrected

Unshaken, I recruited another student to live in the coffin. He was carried, each day, by fellow students and musicians to Wetherspoons, McDonald's, Burger King, Edwin's, and the Oast and Squire, where we hoped they'd feed him as part of the publicity.

We rebranded ourselves: Dave Clarke from the 60s and the Resurrection.
The Gig at Oliver's Bar

We performed as planned, singing original songs like "Rebekah's Field," "My Resurrection," and "Can You Remember." It was, frankly, a mad night—the bar was packed.

Unfortunately, during our final song, one of my son's friends—Morgan, a BMX enthusiast from Portsmouth—poured lighter fuel on my trousers and set me on fire. Thankfully, the flames were quickly doused with a pint of beer.

We didn't win. We were, quite possibly, the worst band of the evening—but most certainly not the dullest.
Morgan Is Canned

As for Morgan, I felt he needed to be disciplined for such reckless behaviour. So I "canned" him—a symbolic punishment—but let him off lightly. To his credit, he had shown up with his BMX, just as I had asked, to tow the coffin to Oliver's Bar, along with his mates from the skate park in Portsmouth.

Morgan Caught and Canned
…for Setting Fire to Dave in a Pub

The Air Balloon, Portsmouth

Our next musical installation took place at The Air Balloon pub in Portsmouth. The band Xube was performing, and we joined in with a conceptual piece we called "Ironing to Xube Music." It featured Mike Fisher

on bass, Dave White on keyboard, and myself performing drama alongside live music.

We considered ourselves progressive musicians—challenging the old-fashioned notion that men go to the pub while women stay home. In our version, wives came too… provided they brought the ironing board and kept up with the chores in the pub!

The Battle of the Sexes

From my experience in marriage, I learnt an unavoidable truth—many women instinctively seek to rule over their husbands. This isn't said in bitterness, but in recognition of biblical reality. As it is written of the woman after the Fall:

> "Thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee."
> (Genesis 3:16, KJV)

In Nurse Ratchet's case, she couldn't see that my songwriting and music were not signs of madness—but of love. I came to believe that when love is not madness, it is not love at all.

To prove how far she would go to discredit me, she presented to the court a photo of me in a coffin with my guitar, suggesting I was mentally unfit to be a father. Thankfully, the judge saw through it and said I looked more like a man in a sentry box than a coffin—and dismissed the claim.

David in His Coffin

The Resurrection Band
Theft of Equipment and Lost Trust

Helping people has its risks. You never really know whom to trust.

Several students from Fareham College became involved in our music venture—Rock and Real Music—and began coming to my house. We also shot a video at Stubbington Cemetery, which is now on the internet.

But then, valuable equipment began disappearing. Word reached me that Gavin Sampson and Jodie—frequent visitors—had stolen my gear and sold it to someone called Ging Roberts.

So I wrote to him directly:
Letter to Ging (Jamie Roberts)

25 Langston Court – 26th September 2000

Dear Ging (Jamie),

I've been trying to contact you for some weeks now but never catch you in, so I'm writing instead.

Gavin Sampson, from Portchester, sold you some guitars and electrical gear a few weeks ago. The issue is that this equipment was stolen from my house.

Other items also disappeared—a Sharp mini CD recorder, mini discs, two Goodman's transceivers, and several valuable CDs.

I was holding some of this equipment for a friend who was in prison at the time, and now he's out and asking for it.

I've made enquiries. I spoke to Bruster at Reading Remand Centre, who informed me that Gavin had sold more gear to Cash Exchange in North End.

I've given Gavin and Jodie every chance to return the items, but they seem to think the matter has gone away.

Friends of mine—Rob White (now deceased), Frazer, Wesley—say you're a decent man and may be willing to help.

Yours sincerely,

David Clarke

More Naughty Boys: Samson and Jodie

The two main culprits in the matter of the missing goods were Gavin Samson and Jodie. I made it clear from the outset that I had no wish to involve the police—not because the matter wasn't serious, but because I didn't want to burden these young men with criminal records. I was not

interested in revenge, only in recovery.

They were given three clear options:

Return the stolen goods anonymously, as some items had already been discreetly returned.

Attend a "House Court" at 11 Hayling Close, to discuss and settle the matter.

Face the consequences in a criminal court, should police involvement become necessary.

I assured them I wasn't into knee-capping, broken fingers, or shotgun justice. There were better ways to deal with such matters—and my hope was for restoration, not ruin.

I also wrote to Ging Roberts, the man who had bought some of the stolen gear in good faith, asking for his help. He agreed, and I gave him £100—the amount he had paid for the items—with the understanding he would recover and return what he could.

A Brewing Storm – A Note to Ging

4th October 2000

Dear Ging,

How are things progressing regarding the recovery of the equipment?

Unfortunately, things are getting out of hand. Jodie had his nose broken on Tuesday—apparently by Wesley, a friend of Elly's, who took it upon himself to act. I had told him we had the matter in hand, and I do not approve of his violence.

Jodie then informed the College Nurse, and as a result, Wesley was expelled from college today.

I fear if we don't resolve this soon, more serious violence could follow—and I want to avoid that entirely.

Please ring me with some good news.

Yours sincerely,
David Clarke

Goods Recovered and a New Ally

Thankfully, most of the stolen items were eventually returned. In time, Ging Roberts became a friend and even expressed a desire to help with my project aimed at keeping people off drugs. Tragically, I later discovered that he was himself a heroin addict, and he sadly passed away a few years later.

Before his death, we made a documentary video about drug addiction. He bravely agreed to film himself preparing heroin and injecting it. His intent was to warn others not to go down the same road. I had previously produced a video on drug problems in Stubbington, which I sent to the police, The News, local schools, and even Prince Charles.

Ging's contribution was sincere, and I believed it could do much good.
Ging's Death and Online Backlash

After Ging's passing, I uploaded part of his video to YouTube. I also responded to a request for information about him. However, this was met with hostile opposition from his family, who asked that the content be removed—which I did, out of respect.

One complaint was over a spelling error. In addressing the letter to the Prince, I had accidentally written "HRH Prince of Whales" instead of "HRH Prince of Wales." Ging's father took offence, but I meant no harm.
Xube: Rock Music to Everything

Xube was the brainchild of two former students—Mike Fisher and David White, both from Gosport. Mike had played bass on "Can You Remember," and I began actively promoting their work.

Xube Music – Rock Music to Anything

Spectacular light shows, unique musical fusion, and performance art.

Designed to break musical boundaries and expectations.

Xube captivates audiences with its rhythmic dance grooves and bold presentation.

Performances include everything from live gigs to conceptual drama, therapy, and even marriage/divorce themes.

Xube Art in Gosport

One example of Xube's art was a live body painting performance at The Stables in Gosport. Two Fareham College students served as models, and to preserve modesty, I insisted they wear body stockings beneath the paint. Jim Gold, Xube's resident artist, painted them while Xube music played.

Jim Gold – Painting to Xube Music

Doug Hammond also supported the performance and helped with coordination.

We jokingly called it "Xube Therapy – Birth", and declared that these were the first ladies to give birth to Xube babies—a playful metaphor for creative birth through artistic expression.

Should I Pay Council Tax?

Towards the end of the year 2000, I received a letter from the Fareham Borough Council. It alleged that someone was living in the caravan parked on my drive and that I owed additional Council Tax.

I had already been visited by Mr. Cooper from Building Control, and wrote back firmly:

Letter to the Council Tax Manager

19th December 2000

Dear Sir or Madam,

Re: Council Tax Ref: 440189724 – Your letters of 11th December and 28th September

I have already addressed this allegation before. Mr Cooper visited in

person. This seems to be part of an ongoing campaign of complaints from my neighbours. Past accusations have included:

People sleeping in a tent

Allowing animals to copulate in the garden

Children swearing in the street

Pavement parking (a failed police ticket attempt)

Overcrowding

Storing gas cylinders

Running an electrical business

Creating a house in multiple occupation

Loud music

Connecting gas without permission

Now, this new claim—that I house students in my caravan—is simply false.

The only people who ever sleep in it are my children during summer holidays, and that on occasion.

As a light-hearted reply, allow me to submit the following:

Attached Photo
The occupant of the caravan, believed to have escaped from Stubbington Animal Rescue Centre. Dangerous-looking. Certainly incapable of paying Council Tax.

"I dare not ask it."

Yours sincerely,
David Clarke

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year. We'll do our best to keep the peace.

CHAPTER 13
Michael's Call for Help

In 1998, my brother Michael wrote to me from prison in the Philippines. From the very first letter, I could sense he was in a truly desperate condition—physically, mentally, and spiritually. He spoke of a fellow Englishman, Suny Wilson, who had been wrongfully convicted and sentenced to death in 1996. Michael had spent time with Suny on Death Row, offering what support he could. In God's providence, the Philippine Supreme Court acquitted Suny on 19th December 1999, thanks to the intervention of Alan C. Atkins and Errol Wilkinson.

On his release, Suny gave Michael a small paperback: Mere Christianity by C.S. Lewis. Michael read it carefully, and it began to change him. He became convinced that Jesus was indeed the Christ, the Son of the living God. His heart and mind began to soften.

A Letter of Despair – 7th May 1999

Dear David,

With regard to writing my life story for inclusion in your book—please, forgive me. I am so utterly broken that I can barely bring myself to write even this letter.

I am truly grateful that you and your Christian friends are praying for me. I do believe in God and Jesus Christ. I pray, asking Him to forgive my many sins, to take charge of my life, and to lead me at last into heaven. I fear hell—because what I am suffering now is nothing compared to the eternal torment that awaits those who die without God.

My faith, though, feels too weak. I am consumed by confusion. And even if I were to be released, what future awaits me? I am old before my time, thin, withdrawn. I have not smiled in nearly four years. I dread the thought of life in a dingy rented room, with no income, no job, and no companion to share life with.

I am terrified. I don't know how I'll survive on my own. Buying property is out of the question. What am I supposed to do?

Honestly, David, one of the only things stopping me from ending it all is the knowledge that hell is real—and it would be far worse than this.

Do you think I'll ever smile again? Ever be loved again?

I know you've had your own troubles—your loss, your family, your work. I don't know how you cope. I wonder if you might give me some advice. Because, for me, there is no light at the end of the tunnel.

When I am finally released, I won't even have a pair of shoes. How does one begin again with no strength, no desire to live, and no support?

And as for writing my life story—I am ashamed. Deeply ashamed of the things I've done. I've confessed them to the Lord, and I just hope He will forgive me.

You once asked me how I felt when you became a Christian, all those years ago. I was proud of you, really. I thought you were a bit over the top, but I never mocked you.

My heart was broken by Karen Mead, the collapse of Tudor Charm, and my divorce. Perhaps I'll write more about all that another time.

For now, I'm just taking each day as it comes. I keep praying that I'll be acquitted of this awful conviction.

Thank you, David, for not forsaking me. I know you will continue to support me.

With love to the children,

Michael

I Write My Life Story

It was during the long and painful period of separation from my wife that I found the time, and indeed the inner compulsion, to write the story of

my life. The outcome was my second book, Converted on LSD Trip, which recounts how I became a Christian following a dreadful experience under the influence of LSD. The book was published on 11th February 2001.

While writing the manuscript, I received astonishing news concerning the conversion of my brother Michael, and I felt compelled to include parts of his story within the book. However, I soon discovered that the book's publication was not to everyone's liking.

One Year On – A Change Takes Place

Just over a year later, I observed a profound change in Michael — particularly in his outlook and state of mind. All of it for the better. In time, I felt strong enough to revisit and thoroughly read the National Bureau of Investigation (NBI) Report, which unequivocally cleared Michael of the charges that had been brought against him. Remarkably, the same report went on to recommend that Fr. Shay Cullen, Michael's accuser, be deported from the Philippines on the grounds of being an undesirable alien. (See Appendix 01)

Michael's Letter

Dear David,

3rd July 2000

Just a few lines to say I hope all is well with you and that you are beginning to find a way to see your daughter on agreed mutual terms.

As for my own situation, there's been no progress regarding my case with the Board of Pardons and Parole. My prison records have yet to be transferred from the document section to the Board, and everything moves at such a snail's pace it truly drives me mad.

I'm still reading a lot of Christian literature. At present, I'm reading Joy Unspeakable by Dr. Martyn Lloyd-Jones. It deals with the Holy Spirit, and I now believe that the baptism of the Holy Spirit is a distinct event — not something that always, as some suppose, occurs automatically at conversion. Yes, the Holy Spirit dwells within every believer at the point of salvation, but the baptism of the Spirit can occur at any time of the Lord's choosing, when Christ pours out His Spirit upon us. If we Christians are unaware of this — and if we do not earnestly seek this glorious experience — then I believe we

are guilty of quenching the Spirit, through our failure to pray and seek this not only for ourselves, but also for the entire Church. Revival is our need.

You are always in my prayers.
Michael

News of Michael's Conversion

Michael wrote again in the year 2000, informing me of his conversion to Christ and his baptism — conducted in a 45-gallon oil drum within the grounds of New Bilibid Prison. The baptism was performed by Lucas Dangatan, a former inmate turned Religious Volunteer (RVO), who served as Pastor at the New Bilibid Prison Theological Institute (NBPTI).

It was at this point I came to believe that Michael was indeed telling the truth about his conviction. He, too, had been framed for a crime he did not commit. This became clear to me after I read the NBI report, first compiled in 1995. (See "Trojan Warriors" appendix for the full document.)

This report was brought to my attention by Suny Wilson, himself falsely imprisoned on a charge of rape. He contacted me on Christmas Day, 1999, upon his return to England. He introduced himself and then came to visit me, bringing the NBI report and news about Michael.
Michael Is Baptised in Prison

As I was completing the first edition of Converted on LSD Trip, I felt compelled to include Michael's story. It was, in every sense, a Stop Press moment. The account should ideally be told by Michael himself, but when I asked him to contribute his side of the story to complement the book, he responded in May 1999 with deep honesty:

"With regard to me writing my life story etc., for you to include in your book — please forgive me, David, but I am so emotionally wrecked I simply cannot handle it right now. It takes all the strength I have just to write this letter."

Our church sent Michael a new leather-bound Bible, along with some cassette tapes. A few friends also wrote to him. He said he was deeply touched that fellow Christians were praying for him and showing such concern.

He shared how very low he felt, yet he believed in God and had asked the Lord's forgiveness for all his sins. He trusted in Him but confessed that he struggled to believe anyone could love him. He wondered whether he would ever smile again — or know happiness once more.

Another reason he could not yet write his story was his shame. He said:

"I am truly ashamed of many things I've done and don't really wish to broadcast my evil past to everyone at this time."

He had confessed his sins to the Lord and was clinging to the hope of divine forgiveness.

By July 2000, he had continued reading Christian literature and was still deeply engrossed in Joy Unspeakable by Dr. Martyn Lloyd-Jones. This encouraged me greatly. I became convinced he had been born again, especially when he expressed his desire to serve in full-time Christian ministry.

It was abundantly clear — to me and to others — that the Lord had shown mercy to another undeserving sinner: Michael John Clarke. That alone was cause for great rejoicing.

Encouraged by this, I contacted Lizzy Millar, the religious correspondent for The News, Portsmouth, and shared our story.

THE NEWS – Saturday, 12th August 2000

ON THE LEFT: Dave Clarke — a college lecturer and devout Christian.
ON THE RIGHT: His brother Michael — confined in a Filipino prison.
The News Article

Saturday, 12th August 2000

Dave Clarke devotes much of his spare time to steering young people away from a life of crime. Now, he finds himself on the most personal mission of all — to help rescue his brother's soul.

Dave became a Christian nearly 30 years ago, having previously lived a life of crime alongside his brother during their youth. However, while

Dave left crime behind, Michael continued down a darker path and is now imprisoned in the Philippines.

Dave, aged 52, of Hayling Close, said that regular correspondence from Michael indicated deep remorse for his criminal past, along with a growing desire to embrace Christianity.

"Michael wrote to me in despair. He was suicidal and asked me about my faith," Dave said. "I've prayed for him earnestly, and I now believe he has come to know the Lord Jesus Christ as his personal Saviour. I sense he is genuinely listening to the Gospel."

Both brothers were once notorious criminals in Buckinghamshire during the 1960s. They were convicted of malicious wounding — a crime involving shooting a woman in the face with an air weapon at Margate.

Dave commented:

"When I was released, I knew everything there was to know about crime. It was, in a sense, a good education — albeit a dark one. I was determined to have the best of everything, and I pursued it with zeal. I was riding on my brother's reputation, thinking he was admirable — though not everyone saw it that way. I even set up a garage for stolen vehicles."

Dave was sentenced to Borstal for 12 months, while Michael, who had denied the charges, served two years at Maidstone Prison.

Having become a father of five, Dave turned his life around following his conversion in 1970. He relocated to Fareham, began teaching electronics at the local college, and joined the Christian Gospel Church.

Michael, meanwhile, absconded during home leave but was eventually recaptured and required to serve the remainder of his sentence.

Now, Michael is four years into a 16-year sentence in the Philippines for allegedly promoting child sex tourism — a charge he has always denied.

He first arrived in the Philippines in 1995 and launched a tour business named Paradise Express. An advert placed in Exchange & Mart featured a crude brochure describing a "Dirty Dozen" 12-night holiday, alongside

images of scantily clad women and advice on finding a Filipino wife.

Michael, who is divorced and has a daughter, was arrested after allegedly agreeing to procure underage girls — though he maintains that he was framed by an Irish priest and is appealing the conviction.

Dave expressed hope that Michael would now find faith in God and finally renounce his criminal life:

"I regret the pain and harm I caused, but I've come to see that my experiences were necessary. When I speak to young people today, warning them against a life of crime, I speak with credibility."

Email Correspondence from Lizzy Millar

28th August 2000

Following the article's publication, our local news reporter, Lizzy Millar of The News, sent an email to Michael in prison. Her aim was to follow up on his reported conversion and to give him the opportunity to speak in his own words.

She posed the following questions to him:

Can you describe your feelings when you were baptised in New Bilibid Prison?
What led you to take such a step, and what did the experience mean to you personally?

How did you come to know Christ?
Was it a sudden experience, or the result of many months of reflection and spiritual searching?

What impact has your new faith had on your daily life inside the prison?
Have you experienced peace, purpose, or change in relationships with other inmates?

Do you believe your conviction was just?
Could you briefly explain why you maintain your innocence and how

this has affected your outlook?

How do you see your future now — both spiritually and practically?
Do you have hopes of release or aspirations to serve the Lord in some way, even behind bars?

Have you had support from other believers — either inside or outside the prison?
What has this meant to you in your journey of faith?

Do you have a message for young people back in the UK — especially those heading down the wrong path?

Is there anything you would like the public to know about your situation, your past, or your faith?

Lizzy hoped that, by allowing Michael to respond in his own words, his story might encourage others — especially those who have lost all hope or believe themselves beyond redemption. Her interest was not in sensation, but in redemption, change, and the power of Christian witness.

If Michael chose to respond, it would provide a deeply personal follow-up to the public testimony already shared by his brother. Either way, the story of two brothers once united in crime — now divided by geography but reunited in faith — had already touched many hearts.

I Encourage Michael to Be Baptised

Upon hearing of Michael's growing faith and desire to follow Christ, I felt strongly that he should now take the next step in obedience — believer's baptism. I wrote to him, urging him to be baptised (dipped), according to the command of the Lord. He had asked under whose authority or into what name he should be baptised, and I answered plainly: "In the name of Jesus" — that is, under His authority — and "in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

I told him to ask one of the Christian inmates, or one of the Christian workers known to him, to perform the baptism by immersion. It brought me great joy to learn that he had obeyed this instruction.

On 16th September 2000, in New Bilibid Prison, Philippines, Michael was baptised as a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ. The baptism took place in a makeshift pool — a 45-gallon oil drum, repurposed for the solemn occasion.

Email From the Philippines

Subject: My Visit to Michael
Date: Tuesday, 19th September 2000, 16:37 (Philippine Time)

Michael sends you this reply:

"I was baptised by immersion on 16th September 2000. A photo was taken and is currently being developed. The words you suggested were used, even before I received your letter expressing them.

YES — please publish the NBI Report on the websites. However, I ask that no details regarding my past criminal record be disclosed. That information is personal. Please refer only in general terms, such as: 'He had committed many wrongs in his life, including breaches of the criminal law.' The same applies to any newspaper stories about me — NO specific details, only general remarks.

With regards to Liz Millar's question, asking what I hope the publication of my story will achieve:

The answer is this — to expose the truth about the fabricated case brought against me by Fr. Shay Cullen. But more than that, I believe God will use this situation to expose the works of Satan. I have surrendered myself wholly to the Lord and have devoted the rest of my life to the saving of lost souls.

I have forgiven Fr. Shay Cullen for his evil actions and pray that he confesses his sins to the Lord. If he refuses, and continues in pride and deceit, then I am convinced he is no true Christian. The Lord will deal with him in His own time and way."

Note: Michael was first imprisoned on 7th June 1995, and sentenced on 11th October 1996. By this time, he had served five years and four months.

The Baptism Group in the Prison

A photograph was later sent, showing Michael's Baptism Group — with Pastor Lucas Dangatan pictured at the centre bottom. The scene was one of joy and solemnity. I was overjoyed — truly over the moon — and wrote to Michael encouraging him, assuring him that this was the way forward.

I told him that with God's help and strength, we would now move forward together. I would do all I could to support him — not only spiritually, but in the pursuit of justice, acquittal, and ultimately, release.

John Sawyer's Funeral

Around this time, I received unexpected news of the death of John Sawyer, one of my students at Fareham College. He had been a diabetic and lived alone at 6 Ranson Close, Titchfield.

One morning, the police rang me, asking whether I knew a man by that name. I explained that I was his tutor at Fareham College, where he was enrolled on a City and Guilds course in Electronics Servicing.

The officer explained that John had been found dead in his home, and that my telephone number was the only point of contact discovered among his belongings. He had no known relatives.

I had known John for about two years. I had visited him at his home, where he had shared personal struggles with me — particularly his battles with Fareham Borough Council, who had obstructed his efforts to build a workshop. He was a popular figure among staff and students. He had loved his late wife dearly, and after her passing, had returned to college to study engineering and electronics — largely as a hobby.

He was a talented mechanic and engineer, with a vast collection of electronic and mechanical tools.

Since no family could be contacted, we at the college took it upon ourselves to organise a respectful funeral. Initially, we considered hiring a minister to conduct the service. But I volunteered and was honoured to officiate the ceremony myself.

Several colleagues and students attended, including Geoff Whitefield

(Head of School) and Marilyn Dufour (Health and Safety Officer). Our college technicians served as coffin bearers.

During the service, I spoke briefly but sincerely. I referred to Jesus weeping at the tomb of Lazarus, and said that grief was both natural and necessary. As far as we knew, John had made no profession of faith in Christ. Thus, I could not offer false assurance, though we all remembered him with warmth and respect.

It was later remarked, with humour, that John's coffin had been so heavy it was as if he'd taken his entire toolkit with him. Another said that I made a better preacher than a lecturer — not knowing, of course, that this had always been my true calling.

It was said in jest that I had now catered for all my students' needs — save for being a midwife or conducting a wedding!

My Redundancy at Fareham College

In March 2001, I received six months' notice of compulsory redundancy from Fareham College, where I had taught electronics since September 1988. Student numbers had declined steadily, and the college had made the decision to discontinue the course.

The news left me feeling deeply unsettled and insecure. My personal life was already strained, and this added a new weight to my burden. I attempted to speak with my estranged wife about our financial situation, but she stated coldly that she wanted nothing to do with me, my house, my money — nor with my brother, whom she labelled a paedophile.

I was stunned. Isolated. I realised that I had no choice now but to look after both myself and my brother. With no income, there would be nothing to give my wife for maintenance, and she would need to rely on other means.

She had made her position clear. I concluded, therefore, that there was no reason for me to remain in the United Kingdom, when I could be of practical and spiritual help to my brother in the Philippines.

Thus, began the planning and execution of our first mission to the Philippines. The door had been opened. My wife would have to make her

own way, just as I now had to make mine.

Principal's Response to Converted on LSD Trip

The release of Converted on LSD Trip caused a stir in certain quarters — not least within Fareham College. The book was considered by some to be an embarrassment, particularly to the Principal at the time, Mr. Malcolm Charnley.

He wrote to me the following words:

"I do not wish to be associated, personally or professionally, with a book entitled Converted on LSD Trip with its overt reference to drug taking." — October 2001

It was clear that the book had been judged by its title, and its message misunderstood. In it, I had spoken honestly about my past, my redemption, and my time teaching at the College. But to some, the truth was simply too much.

There were whispers that my redundancy had more to do with the book than with student numbers. Ironically, at the very time of this controversy, the College was under investigation by the Health and Safety Executive for mishandling its asbestos problem.

In February 2002, after I had already left, the College was fined over £23,000 on four counts — for exposing both staff and students to asbestos dust.

So, while I was being quietly dismissed, the real dangers at the College were, quite literally, in the air.

Professional Endorsement of Converted on LSD Trip

At a time when some considered my book an embarrassment, Dr Philip M. Fleming, Consultant Psychiatrist with responsibility for drug and alcohol services at Kingsway House, Portsmouth, kindly reviewed Converted on LSD Trip and offered these words of support in May 2001:

Dear David,

I attach a brief review of your book as requested. As you will see I found

your experiences of great interest and I am sure your book will be of help to many.

"This book, the personal testament of David Clarke, is written in an autobiographical style. It charts a life once steeped in criminality and drug use, and how, through an experience in 1970 while under the influence of LSD, he came to faith in God. Cynics might dismiss this as a drug-induced illusion, but it is evident that the experience profoundly changed his life.

Later, when in court on other matters, he confessed to numerous past crimes, and was fortunate to receive a three-year conditional discharge instead of a prison sentence.

Since that time, David has combined his role as a lecturer in electronics with his mission to spread the Gospel. This is a scrupulously honest book, chronicling the difficulties he has encountered as well as his spiritual victories. A continuing concern is the fate of his brother, who is currently serving a long sentence in the Philippines, and who has also recently come to faith.

This is an inspiring story of a life turned around — from crime to Christian witness — and may well be of great help to others who find themselves lost in drugs or crime."

— Dr Philip M. Fleming, MA, BA, BCh, FRCPsych, DPM
Consultant Psychiatrist, Kingsway House, Portsmouth

Opposition from Within

Despite this endorsement, not all were pleased. Some colleagues and acquaintances, driven by middle-class moralism and surface-level judgments, told me I ought to withdraw the book from publication altogether. They feared it would do more harm than good. But such people, I observed, lacked faith to see beyond outward appearances. They could not discern a true work of grace through the mire of a difficult past.

Gordon Smith Contacts Me

Shortly after my book was featured in The Bucks Herald, an old friend of Michael's, Gordon Smith, reached out to me. Our connection was renewed, and after several conversations, we agreed to travel together to the Philippines

in order to assist Michael in his ministry efforts.

Due to visa restrictions, we arranged for a three-week visit, the longest period we could stay without special permission.

The Decision to Help Michael

The decision to embark on this mission was finalised in May 2001. It came after years of emotional hardship and personal conflict, particularly with my estranged wife. We had lived apart since November 1998, though it had never been my desire to separate. I had long sought reconciliation, hoping to rebuild a Christian marriage. However, continued arguments over the behaviour of my children from a previous marriage and legal disputes concerning access to our young daughter made that hope increasingly unattainable.

Discussions turned into emotional eruptions, leaving me drained and despairing. I sought counselling at work to help manage the overwhelming sense of rejection, grief, and frustration that dominated my life. This support continued for two years and was invaluable in helping me regain emotional footing.

I believed firmly that our separation was wrong — not only on moral grounds, but also because of the financial strain of maintaining two households. I lived in the home I had purchased before our marriage; my wife and daughter remained in her house. She would not compromise on any issue, and so, legal proceedings became necessary.

The Legal Battle

Our separation led to a long and bitter legal dispute, during which her solicitor noted that I had written over 1,000 A4 pages in my correspondence — a testament to my sincerity and concern for my daughter. Eventually, the court ruled that our child should reside with her mother, and I would have legally protected visitation rights.

Even then, things remained difficult. I was thankful when the Child Support Agency (CSA) finally intervened and calculated my financial obligations. This spared us from further conflict about money, as my ex-wife had previously refused both my voluntary payments and a CSA assessment — stating that she neither wanted nor needed anything from me.

But her actions spoke louder. She had made her decision: she wanted a separate life, and I was no longer to be part of it.

CHAPTER 14
Our Mission to the Philippines – August 2001

And so, in August 2001, Gordon Smith and I departed for the Philippines.

Michael had helped coordinate our visit from within New Bilibid Prison, with the assistance of various Religious Volunteers (RVOs) working within the compound. New Bilibid is the largest prison in the Far East, comprising three zones — Maximum, Medium, and Minimum security — as well as extensive penal farms. At the time, it housed over 23,000 inmates, including 1,200 men on Death Row.

Michael resided in the Maximum-Security Compound, a heavily fortified zone where numerous religious groups were eagerly awaiting our arrival. Michael had arranged for us to share our testimonies, and I would speak on the experiences recorded in Converted on LSD Trip.

Our formal invitation came through Joseph Kim, a Korean missionary and volunteer worker in the prison. He also organised further visits to churches and jails — including Angeles City Jail and Barretto District Jail, where Michael had first been incarcerated in 1995.

The Birth of Trojan Warriors

While sharing our testimonies before a large group of prisoners in the Maximum compound, both Michael and I were struck by the number of men whose lives had also been changed by Christ. It became clear: their stories needed to be heard.

I issued a challenge: "Let 100 men write their personal testimonies, and we will publish them in a book entitled Trojan Warriors." The response was immediate and powerful.

The name reflected our mission — just as the Trojan Horse once entered an impregnable city, so too would these converted men, carrying the Gospel, enter society anew upon their release. Our aim was not destruction, but

spiritual transformation.

The First Trojan Warrior: William Poloc

By August 2002, the first fruits of our mission became evident. William Poloc, after serving 18 years in New Bilibid Prison, was released.

He was the first of many we hoped to support through our vision: that of a New Bilibid Teacher Training College, preparing former inmates for Gospel outreach in their home regions.

Here is an extract from Testimony No. 62 in Trojan Warriors — William's own account:

Testimony of William C. Poloc

Dormitory 13-A | Prison No. 140226-P | Life Sentence | Released August 2002

"Dear Guys,

Greetings in the sweetest name of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Let me speak plainly: I once lived as a spoiled brat, imprisoned for robbery with homicide. In 1989, I was sentenced to life and sent to this hell on earth — New Bilibid Prison.

At first, life inside was chaos. Violence, deception, and despair ruled the compound. But in June 1995, I attended a Christian fellowship — for reasons I didn't even understand. I was annoyed by the noise and clapping at first, but something kept me there. The preacher's message hit me straight — hope for sinners like me. I couldn't shake it. That night, I knelt in my tiny cell and cried out to God for forgiveness.

The next day, I felt like a new man. I joined a church, was baptised, and enrolled in theology classes. I earned a Bachelor in Theology, preached the Gospel, and saw others turn to Christ. The prison that was once my grave became a mission field.

They now call me 'the Doctor' because even Michael Clarke used to come to me for spiritual prescriptions. I give out God's Word — the medicine

for the soul.

So let me ask you: Who are you? What are you? Where are you? The Bible says, 'Boast not thyself of to morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.' (Proverbs 27:1). Turn to Christ today."

Gordon Smith Bids Farewell to Dr William Poloc

Before we returned to the UK, Gordon Smith had the opportunity to say goodbye to Dr William Poloc, now released and embarking on his new Gospel mission. Gordon prayed that the Lord would one day bless William with a new leg, as he desired to serve as a Trojan Warrior Outreach Officer in the prisons of his home province in Baguio City.

A bionic leg would be a blessing.
Can anyone help?

CHAPTER 15
Our Second Mission to the Philippines

October 2002

By October 2002, we had gathered 66 testimonies from some of the most notorious criminals in the Philippines, many of whom were now born-again Christians. Among them were 22 men on Death Row. It was a solemn and humbling task to compile these stories into a book — Trojan Warriors — which bore witness to lives turned from darkness to light, from crime to Christ.

Once the book was printed, over 100 copies were shipped to the Philippines — enough to ensure that each inmate who had contributed would receive their own personal copy.

We returned to the Philippines on our second mission, to continue the work that had now taken on a life of its own.

Baptisms in Baguio and Benguet

Upon our return, we visited Baguio City Jail and Benguet District Jail, where William Poloc had already begun his ministry. There, I had

the privilege of baptising 22 prisoners in Baguio and a further 8 souls in Benguet. These were not mere symbolic acts — they were outward signs of deep repentance and genuine faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

Before the Cock Crows

Between October 2002 and July 2003, I remained active in the Philippines. During this time, our ministry was formally registered with the Securities and Exchange Commission under the name:

Trojan Horse International (TULIP) Phils. Incorporated

This made us a bona fide Christian organisation, granting us official access to minister in prisons across the nation.

Throughout that season, I kept a diary of our work — the successes and the trials, the encouragements and the spiritual battles. These records are now preserved in our fourth book, Before the Cock Crows, which offers a candid account of our second mission, the opposition we faced, and the joy of seeing God's hand at work.

Sadly, Michael died in New Bilibid Prison in May 2005, before he could see the full fruit of the vision he helped birth. His death was a painful loss — but his legacy remains in every page of this testimony and in every soul won for Christ.

Should I Obey God or Man?

Not everyone supported our work. Some actively opposed it. But I was not deterred, for I feared God, not man. As Scripture teaches:

"We ought to obey God rather than men." (Acts 5:29)

I appeal to the reader to judge for themselves. Look at the results of our mission — documented in Trojan Warriors, Before the Cock Crows, and the testimonies of men like William Poloc. Christ has been honoured. God has been glorified.

Even if I made enemies — and I truly cannot understand why — I was also blessed with encouragement from unlikely places. One such encouragement came in 2002, upon returning to the UK, when I sought to engage young

people locally and warn them of the dangers of crime and drug misuse.

A Commendation from Prince Charles

After producing a short documentary video addressing youth drug abuse in Stubbington, I distributed it to local schools, the police, and even to Prince Charles. To my astonishment, I received a letter of encouragement from His Royal Highness's office:

From: The Office of HRH The Prince of Wales
7th February 2002

Dear Mr Clarke,

The Prince of Wales has asked me to thank you for your letter of 22nd January regarding the work which you and others in your local area are undertaking in relation to young people and drugs.

Your reasons for writing as you did are appreciated, and His Royal Highness is grateful to you for taking the trouble to draw your very worthwhile efforts to his attention.

The Prince of Wales has asked me to send you all his best wishes for the future success of your work.

Yours sincerely,
Mrs Claudia Holloway

This royal commendation served to confirm that, even if some rejected my message, there were still those — even among the highest in the land — who recognised its value.

Mission to the Philippines – A New Book

Our forthcoming publication, Mission to the Philippines, brings together a number of crucial issues that arose both in the UK and in the Philippine prisons — particularly regarding doctrinal errors and religious practices among professing Christians.

In this work, I seek to faithfully and biblically address matters that often

divide Christians, yet are vital to the truth of the Gospel.

The following subjects form the heart of this book and require faithful examination by every believer, teacher, and minister who claims to follow Christ:

The Sovereignty of God – That He rules over all things, including salvation, suffering, and history.

The Doctrines of Grace – Often summarised by the acronym TULIP (Total depravity, Unconditional election, Limited atonement, Irresistible grace, Perseverance of the saints).

The Infallibility of Holy Scripture – The Bible is God-breathed, without error in its original manuscripts, and remains our final authority.

The Authority and Preservation of the Authorised Version (KJV) – A trustworthy English translation, historically blessed by God in the English-speaking world.

The Deity of the Lord Jesus Christ – Fully God, fully man; not a created being, but co-equal with the Father and the Spirit.

The New Birth – Regeneration by the Spirit, without which no man can see the kingdom of God (John 3:3).

Predestination – That those whom God foreknew, He also predestined to be conformed to the image of His Son (Romans 8:29).

The Thirty-Nine Articles of Religion – A helpful summary of Reformed Anglican doctrine, though not Scripture, they are consistent with it.

Christian Liberty and Temperance – Including the biblical allowance of drinking wine, but forbidding drunkenness.

Association with Sinners – Christ was criticised for it, yet did so to bring the Gospel. The balance is biblical holiness, not Pharisaical separation.

Worldliness – A pressing issue. Christians must live in the world, but not be of it.

Sabbath Days – A point of much confusion. The New Covenant sabbath is fulfilled in Christ Himself (Hebrews 4:9–10).

Eschatology – End-times theology should be based on sound exegesis, not speculation or superstition.

Head Coverings – A practice rooted in 1 Corinthians 11. Much neglected, yet biblically instructed.

Hymn Singing and Music – Spiritual songs are essential, but need not be reduced to emotional performance or diluted by secular music.

Secular Songs in Worship – A disturbing trend in modern churches, which must be carefully addressed.

Baptism – Not for infants, but for believers upon confession of faith. The mode is immersion.

Women Elders – Contrary to apostolic instruction. Women have gifts, but the office of elder is reserved for men (1 Timothy 2:12–14; Titus 1:6).

Reproof and Encouragement

I do not claim to be infallible. But I do claim that the Word of God is. Where I have erred, I submit to correction. But where Scripture speaks plainly, I will not retreat.

This book is not an attack on persons — it is a plea for the truth to be loved, taught, and obeyed. It is also a testimony of hope, for if God can save a man like me, He can change anyone — including the wayward church.

As Jude wrote:

"It was needful for me to write unto you, and exhort you that ye should earnestly contend for the faith which was once delivered unto the saints." (Jude 1:3)

Frequently Asked Questions – Was It Just the LSD?

Perhaps the most common question I'm asked is this:

"Are you sure it wasn't just the LSD? Did Jesus really speak to you, or was it all in your mind?"

Here is my answer:

1. It was real to me.

The experience transformed my life overnight. I questioned it often, especially since I was the only one who had gone through it. But for 15 years, I remained convinced.

The truth of the Bible — affirmed by believers and non-believers alike — has since confirmed the reality of my conversion.

2. God can speak through any circumstance.

Whether in dreams, suffering, or even under the influence of drugs, God is not limited in how He reveals Himself. He is God — and able to reach men wherever they are.

3. My hope is that He will speak to you, too.

It is my prayer that this testimony — this writing — might be used of God to speak to your heart.

4. I later doubted — and fell.

Fifteen years after my conversion, I fell into deep doubt and despair. For three long years, I abandoned the faith and lived in sin. I reasoned that anyone who believed the Gospel might live differently — even if it weren't true. But I discovered that truth matters. What we believe shapes how we live.

5. I fell into shameful sin.

Too shameful to mention. But I turned my back on the truth and reaped the bitter fruit of rebellion.

6. God brought me back.

In mercy, He drew me to repentance. I returned to the faith — chastened, humbled, but restored.

7. I now testify to His mercy.

Everything — both the good and the bad — has served to bring me to this point, where I may now bear witness to the goodness and truth of God. To glorify Him is now as natural to me as it is for a bird to sing.

12th May 1999

CHAPTER 16
A Fresh Look at the Christian Marriage

By David Clarke — 23rd June 1996 (Amended June 1999)

Marriage, as instituted by God from the very beginning of creation, is a sacred covenant, not a mere contract. Adam was made first, and Eve was taken from his very flesh and bone — to be his helpmeet and companion. But after the fall, God addressed both man and woman with solemn reproach and consequences.

To the woman, the Lord said:

"I will greatly multiply thy sorrow and thy conception; in sorrow thou shalt bring forth children; and thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee."
— Genesis 3:16

To the man, He declared:

"Because thou hast hearkened unto the voice of thy wife… cursed is the ground for thy sake; in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life… In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground."
— Genesis 3:17–19

These consequences — childbirth in sorrow, labour through toil, thorns and thistles — remain with us still. They serve as a reminder of our fallen

state and are used by God to teach us humility and dependence on Him. Let us listen and learn.

The Christian View of Marriage

The New Testament sets forth the pattern of Christian marriage with clarity and authority. In the Apostle Paul's letter to the Ephesians we read:

"Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands, as unto the Lord. For the husband is the head of the wife, even as Christ is the head of the church: and He is the saviour of the body... So ought men to love their wives as their own bodies. He that loveth his wife loveth himself."
— Ephesians 5:22–28

Marriage is a reflection of the relationship between Christ and the Church. It is not a modern invention or social convenience, but a divine ordinance.

Likewise, in Corinthians we read:

"The head of every man is Christ; and the head of the woman is the man; and the head of Christ is God."
— 1 Corinthians 11:3

There is a God-given order. Man is not superior in essence but carries responsibility under God. Woman is not inferior but fulfils a role that complements, supports, and honours God's design.

Entering into Marriage

Although Scripture does not prescribe a detailed ceremony for marriage, certain principles have always guided Christian understanding:

Marriage vows are made publicly, before witnesses.

Both parties must enter freely and willingly.

There must be a leaving of parents and a cleaving to each other (Genesis 2:24).

Marriage is for life.

Neither partner may leave the marriage on a whim.

Marriage may only be dissolved in two scriptural cases:

a) Adultery, and only by the injured party. Even then, forgiveness may be chosen.

b) Desertion by an unbelieving partner, who by wilful departure ceases to behave as a spouse.

Legal documents — certificates of marriage or divorce — do not make or unmake a marriage. These are merely civil acknowledgements. Marriage is a covenant before God.

The Marriage Vows

Christian marriage involves solemn promises made before God and witnesses. These vows, derived from Scripture, are neither negotiable nor voidable. They form the covenant bond of Christian union.

The Husband's Vow:

He promises to love, honour, cherish, protect, and care for his wife, just as Christ loves the Church.

"Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved the church, and gave Himself for it."

— Ephesians 5:25

— Also see Colossians 3:19; 1 Peter 3:7.

The Wife's Vow:

She promises to love, honour, and obey her husband, as the Church obeys Christ.

"Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands, as unto the Lord."

— Ephesians 5:22

These vows are not mere tradition — they are rooted in divine revelation. They are binding before God, whether or not they are later broken. Even where promises are ignored, the marriage remains.

In such cases, each partner is called to go the second mile, striving to restore the relationship. As Scripture says:

"Let not the wife depart from her husband… and let not the husband put away his wife."
— 1 Corinthians 7:10–11

One Flesh — Not Two

In Christian marriage, all that the husband has belongs to the wife, and likewise, all that the wife has is her husband's — even their very bodies (1 Corinthians 7:4). There is no place for selfishness or independence in the covenant of marriage.

To reject this divine model is, I believe, to rebel against the clear teaching of Holy Scripture. It is to prefer the philosophies of man over the wisdom of God.

A Closing Thought

This, to my mind, is how God intends marriage to be. It has stood the test of centuries and has been honoured in the lives of saints and martyrs alike. To depart from it is not progress, but peril.

I submit this teaching with humility but conviction, and I welcome any sincere discussion.

"He that hath ears to hear, let him hear."

David Clarke
23rd June 1996 (Amended June 1999)

CHAPTER 17

Testimony 41 – Michael John Clarke

(Extract from Trojan Warriors)
14th August 2001

Dear Reader,

As you may have gathered, I am the elder brother of David Clarke, team leader of the Trojan Horse Mission. It is both a privilege and an honour to take this opportunity to declare that the Bible is FACT, not fiction, and that Jesus Christ is ALIVE.

In this account, I shall share selected parts of my life, as David has already told some of our shared story in Converted on LSD Trip. I invite you also to visit our website:

www.biertonparticularbaptist.co.uk

There, you will see how God allowed evil — in my case, a fabricated criminal conviction — to fulfil His eternal purposes. Everything that happens falls within the bounds of His sovereign will, conceived in eternity.

My Fall – And God's Sovereign Hand

Before my first visit to the Philippines in February 1995, my understanding of Christianity was superficial. I believed in God — and thought that was enough. I imagined myself in control of my life. How wrong I was!

As a tourist, I stayed in Angeles City and Olongapo. I was stunned by the sheer number of 'girlie bars' and the easy access to sex. On returning to England, I launched Paradise Express, a travel business offering budget holidays. My misguided idea was that I'd found a profitable niche — something that didn't exist in the UK.

Business took off. But on 5th June 1995, I was arrested and later sentenced to 14–16 years' imprisonment for promoting child prostitution — a charge I have always vehemently denied. There were no victims, no child complainants. The term "girls" was used in the generic sense — as in "Spice Girls". I was not referring to children. Yet, I was convicted.

Bitterness, Despair, and a Bible

Understandably, I became bitter and full of hate. I repeatedly asked, "Why me?" I could not comprehend why God would allow such injustice. Suicidal thoughts plagued me.

Then, a Christian missionary handed me a Bible. I began to read.

I also attended various Christian gatherings in prison. Sadly, many differed in their interpretation of Scripture, and I became confused. Then came a turning point: Suny Wilson, a friend on Death Row, was acquitted.

Upon his release, he gave me Mere Christianity by C. S. Lewis.

After reading it, my spiritual eyes were opened.
Finding Christ

Drawn — perhaps unknowingly — to Jesus Is the Christ Fellowship, under the teaching of Rev. Joseph Kim, I received books, guidance, and light. Over months, the Lord worked mightily. I came to realise that for years God had been calling me. He broke the chains of darkness. I was born again. I had been saved from Satan's power and granted eternal life. It was grace — not works — that saved me.

The Holy Spirit then led me to forgive those who had wronged me. And by God's providence, I was baptised by immersion in a 45-gallon oil drum, alongside 24 others. We were buried with Christ, and raised in newness of life.

A Plea to Readers

I now urge every reader to read John Chapter 3. Humble yourself. Ask God to come into your life.

If you feel moved, please write to me via my UK address. If the Lord is calling you, respond today. I pray the Holy Spirit will direct you to Revelation 12:11.

Signed: Michael J. Clarke, Ambassador of Christ
Witnessed by: Pastor Andy C. Dolin, NBP Christian Church
Date: 11th August 2001
Message to the World

To the glory of God, I proclaim that by grace, through faith in Jesus Christ, I have been saved from the power of sin and hell. This salvation is offered freely to all who believe.

"Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." — Romans 10:13

To those in Angeles City — especially bar owners who knew me in 1995 — I appeal to you: even though the charges against me were false, my life then was filled with sin. I was enslaved by the devil — and I did not even

know it.

You are being deceived. You are not living in paradise — but in spiritual poverty. I urge you not to close your businesses, but change the menu. Promote honest tourism. Honour the Lord — and He shall honour you.

I have forgiven my accuser and now pray for his soul. I see now that God used even this for His purpose — to save me.

On 12th August, at 10am, I will give my testimony live on the Internet from within New Bilibid Prison. My brother David leads the Trojan Horse Mission, whose aim is simply this:

"To set captives free."

For more information, contact David.

May God bless you all.
Michael John Clarke
Believe It or Not
A Message to My Fellow Soldiers in Christ

We are at war. Whether we acknowledge it or not, every Christian is enlisted in God's Army. The battleground is Earth. And the stakes are eternal.

The Origin of the Conflict

The war began in the heavenly realm, before man was created, when Lucifer rebelled against God. How such rebellion occurred is a divine mystery:

"The secret things belong unto the Lord our God: but those things which are revealed belong unto us..." — Deuteronomy 29:29

Satan drew with him a third of the angels — the number is unknown. And though God shall win the final victory, until then, the battle rages.

Know Your Enemy

"Lest Satan should get an advantage of us: for we are not ignorant of his devices." — 2 Corinthians 2:11

Too many Christians live with a false sense of security. They ignore warnings in Scripture, and in doing so, leave themselves vulnerable to attack.

"Be sober, be vigilant; because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour." — 1 Peter 5:8

This warning is for true believers. We can be wounded — not lost — if we do not walk in the Spirit. The Apostle Paul warns clearly:

Read 1 Timothy 3:6, 2 Timothy 2:26, and 2 Corinthians 11:3.

The Threefold War of Sin

Sin from Within – the Flesh
Our old nature wars against the Spirit (Galatians 5:16–21).

Sin from Without – the World
The system that entices and corrupts (1 John 2:15–17).

Sin from Above – the Devil
Principalities and powers of darkness (Ephesians 6:12).

On Demons and Deliverance

Demons are real. Though not fallen angels per se, they are supernatural entities of evil, loyal to Satan, working to torment and deceive.

While Christians may argue whether believers can be "possessed," I maintain — in line with early church practice — that believers can be oppressed and demonised, to varying degrees.

Many early Christians underwent deliverance before baptism, and modern missions confirm this still occurs. Demons can gain ground through:

Past sin

Occult involvement

Family history

Trauma

False religion

Rock music

Unforgiveness

The Analogy of the House

Think of your body as a house. The basement holds your emotional and spiritual rubbish. Demons are like rats — they feed on garbage. You must clean the basement, or they'll stay. Remove the rats, and leave the rubbish, they'll return.

The Solution – True Repentance

It is not enough to repent about sin — you must repent from it. True repentance kills the sin and starves the demon. The Holy Spirit will help you bring your hidden sins to the surface. Then confess them, forsake them, and the enemy will have no place.

Final Words

The war is real.
Take up your cross.
Put on the whole armour of God.
Clean your house.
Walk in the light.
Christ is victorious.

Recommended reading:

Christian Warfare — Dr. Martyn Lloyd-Jones

Defeating Dark Angels — Charles H. Kraft

The Devil's Disciples — Jeff Godwin (a must for parents)

Michael John Clarke
Ambassador of Christ | Trojan Warrior

APPENDIX 1
The NBI Report

In seeking the truth concerning Michael's conviction, I was presented with a document that would prove crucial: the National Bureau of Investigation (NBI) Report, dated 1995. This official report had been buried for some time, but was eventually brought to light — and to my attention — by Mr. Suny Wilson, himself a victim of a false conviction.

Suny contacted me by telephone on Christmas Day, 25th December 1999, having just returned to England. He introduced himself, explained his own story of wrongful imprisonment, and told me he had important information regarding my brother. We arranged to meet, and he kindly delivered to me a physical copy of the NBI report which had long been concealed.

Upon reading the report in its entirety, I was left in no doubt. The charges brought against Michael — for allegedly promoting child sex tourism — were not only highly questionable, but based on deeply flawed and manipulated evidence. The NBI investigators went so far as to recommend that Fr. Shay Cullen, the Irish Roman Catholic priest who had instigated the accusations, be deported from the Philippines as an undesirable alien.

The facts of the matter, laid out in black and white by the Bureau, supported what Michael had long maintained — that he had been set up. The timing of this revelation, just as I was completing the final chapters of Converted on LSD Trip, was, I believe, providential. It strengthened my resolve to include Michael's story as a STOP PRESS addition, bearing witness to the hand of God at work in the most unexpected of places — even a foreign prison.

For those who wish to examine the matter for themselves, the full report is included in the appendix to Trojan Warriors, our collaborative publication detailing the testimonies of converted prisoners, including Michael's own account.

APPENDIX 2
Trojan Warriors

In time, Michael and I came to understand that our stories — though scarred by crime and shaped by adversity — were being woven into a

greater tapestry of divine grace. This conviction led us to begin collecting and publishing the testimonies of other men who, like us, had once lived in darkness but had now come to the light of Jesus Christ.

The result was Trojan Warriors — a compilation of 66 testimonies from inmates at New Bilibid Prison, including Pastor Lucas Dangatan, Suny Wilson, and Michael himself. Each story bears witness to the truth of 2 Corinthians 5:17:

"Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new."

Trojan Warriors serves not only as a record of salvation within prison walls, but as a challenge to the Church: that it might believe afresh in the power of God to save even the vilest offender who truly believes.

Michael's contribution was, by his own admission, painful to write. It meant revisiting sins he had long repented of and feared broadcasting. But his desire to glorify God and help others eventually overcame that reluctance.

Those who read Trojan Warriors will see how God has chosen the weak, the foolish, and the broken — and made them living witnesses of His redeeming love.

APPENDIX 3

Ken Knight

At this time we visited Ken and Grace knight, at their home Aylesbury, with our children Isaac and Esther. Both Ken And Grace had attended our meetings on Sunday mornings, at Bierton church.

On this occasion Ken, in his usual friendly way, talked to Isaac and Esther and suggested they go to his computer shed where he makes video's and let play computer games with him.

When we were about to leave I went to the shed to collect the children and knocked the door as it was locked. After a short while Ken opened the door and I saw Esther was giggling at laughing pointing to the television. She said something I could not understand. Ken then went through the channels on the TV and took care to point out a program of some kind of apparent interest.

Isaac was silent and said nothing. I knew something was up and spoke

to them in the car. When I asked Isaac what was wrong he said he was too embarrassed to say, Isaac was 5 years old) and then Esther said daddy, daddy there was doggies licking ladies bottoms.

I knew then why Ken had sought to divert my attention to the fictitious TV program. He had been showing the children a video or copying a pornographic video allowing my children to watch it. Who knows what else.

I knew of Ken's past and had heard various thing from his own lips and this event was too much to suffer any more.

I felt very angry and was quite prepared to go and sort Ken out there And then but a after seeking God in prayer I felt it right to report the matter to the police. This kind of immoral activity was a crime and needed to be dealt with.

The police took clear statements from my children independently which clearly showed he had shown them a pornographic video. They visited Ken and he denied it trying to explain things away.

The police were unable to prosecute as the law does not allow children's statements (Esther 3 years and Isaac 5 years old) on there own to get a prosecution. Strong corroboration was needed i.e. other evidence was needed before a court could proceed to conviction.

I was vary angry and felt I could not just let the matter rest. Ken had Grandchildren and was dangerous as was to be discovered later.

I tried to see Ken a few days later, at his daughters. in Wendover and when he answered the door he slammed it back in my face and shouted through the letter box to clear off Clarke.

My wife screamed with anger for all the neighbours to hear. Then Ken's son in law daughter Don came out and asked us not to bother them as they did not want to get involved with what had happened.

I was shocked and angry.

I wanted to ask Ken's brother, who was a Christian, and Ken's son, who was a Christian, Mark Knight and Don, Alisons husband, to sit at a private house court and discuss what we ought to do about Ken.

I just could not get any one interested, or to see the importance of solving the matter.

One of Ken's Granddaughters spoke to me on the phone telling me to stop bothering them. They did not want to know about it.

I was not happy at all and was not prepared to let things lie.

Ken and his wife began to go to Limes Avenue Baptist Church and partake of the communion and also the Southcourt Baptist Church. So I decide I would inform both pastors what had happened giving them the evidence that I had and explaining what had happened with a view to deal

with this issue

The senior men at Limes avenue decided that because they were not in membership they would remind them they were a Strict Baptist church and because they were not members they could not be involved in judging this issue but asked them not to partake of the communion.

When seeking to sort this issue out Dr J.V., whom I have spoken about earlier and his wife, tried to help and said to me they sensed my anger and suggested that I was wrong that evil was emanating from me. I how ever felt my anger and determination to sort out KK was right and proper.

This caused such hurt and pain that I now felt so much alone in our fight and my wife found it difficult to shop in Aylesbury as she on a few occasions bumped into Ken. This cause all kinds of agony.

I learned several years later, from Mrs Knight, that they had internal problems within the family associated with Ken's activates that it had lead family members to depression and the need for psychiatric help. All of which had been contributing to cause her depressions and anxiety in later life . She had suppressed it all. This was probably why they did not want me bring to the surface her fathers practices.

Now I know all have sinned and come short of the Glory of God and are some sins are greater than others in our estimation of things.

This incident with Ken Knight and his exposing my children to the pornographic video's was a serious matter and not to be passed by.

The exploitation of children for sex and sex trafficking, child grooming and rape are unacceptable crimes that must not be tolerated. I was told by Dr. John Vern that my anger towards KK was itself evil and learning his opinion did not help the situation at all. I was justifiably angry and was prepared to do all that I could to sort it out. On reflection this was not a personal anger but an anger against a sinful practice. And it would be right to be angry at any one doing the same or similar thing. This took place in 1984 soom after us leaving the Bierton Church.

Can We Forgive Such Practice

Several years later in, the year 2005 I had occasion to speak to KK at his wife funeral and I asked him about his standing before God. He said he had been wrong and looked to God for forgiveness and acceptance. It was here I said to my self, 'If my past sins had been forgiven by God, and they were many, then I could forgive another their sins if they too had turned to God in repentance. Just like the steward in the parable that Jesus spoke about.

It was then that KK attended my brother Michael's funeral (or should I say) remembrance meeting, at the Bierton Church , for my brother who had died in prison in the Philippines, and it was there a friend of mine asked

me why was speaking to KK as he felt angry at seeing him after what he had done him and he wanted to kill him.

I knew that God forgives sin and if a man, a sinner, has turns too God in repentance and believes in the Lord Jesus Christ, then peace can be made through the salvation that we have in Christ, peace between real enemies.

Other Immoral Practices

There are some people, like Dr John Verna just mentioned above, that get things wrong. Just like many do today who have a wrong sense right and wrong.

For instance there are many, and now the British Government, who advocate that same sex marriage and LGBT activity are lawful and we must treat such people with respect and not offend them. All immoral practices like adultery, fornication, Sodomy, lying , cheating and stealing, are all wrong. We are not to encourage or take pleasure in them that do such things but rather reprove them.

Romans 1:32 29 Being filled with all unrighteousness, fornication, wickedness, covetousness, maliciousness; full of envy, murder, debate, deceit, malignity; whisperers, 30Backbiters, haters of God, despiteful, proud, boasters, inventors of evil things, disobedient to parents, 31Without understanding, covenant breakers, without natural affection, implacable, unmerciful: 32 Who knowing the judgment of God, that they which commit such things are worthy of death, not only do the same, but have pleasure in them that do them.

Those who get things wrong say we should love these people, love the LGBT er's. Love the adulterers, love the liars, love the cheaters love the thrives etc. and never speak against their practices, to their face in case they are offended. That is a contradiction for those who follow Christ. It is love which should moves a Christian to warn against such sins.

APPENDIX 4

Working in New Bilibid Prison

To give you another example of a case where I am sure some would say don't speak against such behaviour I will tell you a real case of immoral conduct that must be opposed and love has nothing do with the issue to be mentioned.

I was working in New Bilibid Prison on mission work seeking to preach the gospel of Christ to prison inmates.

My brother Michael was serving a 16 year sentence for promoting Child Prostitution. The prison was the national Penitentiary, the largest in Asia's far East. At the time of our mission 2001 to 2004 there were over 13,000

inmates in the Maximum Security Compound and inside that was Death Row housing 1200 men due to be executed by lethal injection. We we work among these inmates seeking to preach the gospel to men. Our book Trojan warriors contain 66 testimonies of some of Asia's notorious criminals that had been converted for crime to Christ. Twenty two of these men were on death row some were Some were killer, rapists, drug dealers scalawag cops, you name it such were some of them. There testimonies are written in our book.

These men are loved of God and as a result experienced salvation.

We met on man, a very nice and helpful man, who was not a Christian, a Japanese man called Dr. Hini, (Hisayoshi Maruyama) serving 42 years for Child abuse and he claimed he was innocent. This was a record sentence and the first for a Japanese.

During one of our prison visits Dr. Hini gave a sealed envelope to our secretary asking her to post it to the UK to a former inmate who had been released and had served 4 years for an associated crime.

I write about this in The Fall, Desperation and Recovery

From Dr. Hisayoshi Hyni Maruyama

5th JUNE 2004
To: Very Reverend . J W P,

Hello JWP, what make you busy these days? How are you anyway? Wish you are fine and well. I'm ok, at least still surviving and alive in this fucking damn place;;;;;

I met and made friend here, a gay called Carlos, but true name is different , who is going to help my release here in exchange for business, which we have discussed several times before – child pornography and fake adoption, to send them to Europe, for sexual matters. He will contact with you through emails, and snail letters very near future. You can trust him. We will provide us kids and adults whoever we need to make movies. He will be our partner in the Philippines and supply boys and girls to us for making movies whatever kind we will make, from ordinary to extremely sadistic.

Dear J, when this Carlos contact with you, please be friend with him. He also need your kind assistance to get more people into England, by your invitation (for Visa). I will introduce him to Carlos P. Tampico the Pro-Consular at British Embassy. He himself wants visa to England so I am counting on you for help to get visa.

I'm think to get very young boys and girls with young boy & girls to send Thai or Cambodia to make movies and those kids will enjoy vacation there. Or at first we'll send teenagers, both boys and girls. First to make movies and to check security and environments before sending young boys and girls to make movies. I mean young that is between 13 to 16, very young mean 6 to 12. Teenagers means between 16 to 19. What do you think of this age categories? If you have any idea to categorizes age groups, please let's me know.

I have a connection in Thailand which we can get European passport and any other passports for kids and for ourselves. I'm thinking to use European passport for kids to travel into England as adopted children. We will make complete legal and genuine documents to prove their adoption in Thailand who are truly ex pat for it.

So my dear JWP, just wait this Carlos (Nickname) will contact with you either by email or snail letter but he promised already to send you couple of naked children's photos, both boys and girls but not tied up or torture seen, just plain nude only.

I have email address stated above but please do not mention anything about business coz it is at Internet Café. You can put business in my Cell Phone email – smart.com.

Take care well, my best friend and business partner, ok? & Hope to see you soon.

Very truly yours
Dr. Hisayoshi Hyni Maruyama

APPENDIX 5

Trade Union NATFHE Luton College of HE

In February 1985, after leaving the Bierton Church, I was asked to join the trade union Natfhe at Luton College (I had not joined earlier as a matter of principle), and now had the opportunity to explain why in the following letters) The first is the letter asking me to join, followed by my response.

The significance of this letter will become apparent when I write about my forced resignation under threat of dismissal, at Luton College in 1988. All of which I will relate in due course. I write about this later. It was the Trade Union NATFHE who acted in the interest of the Union in negotiating my terms of resignation. This forced resignation was the result of my first medically diagnosed hypo manic episode but at that time I felt it was simply due to my excessive work and the opposition that I experience at

Luton College in seeking to develop a training centre for satellite television reception.

NATFH Letter

Dear Dave, February 1985

As a membership secretary for NATFHE I am writing to you to suggest that you might consider joining the union.

At present education is under attack as a part of the public sector of the economy, and although it is true that as lecturers we have a special interest in being opposed to reductions in educational provision, we can make also a case against these particular reductions in expenditure on more altruistic and objective grounds.

However, although NATFHE is involved in a great many ways in attempting to be a positive influence in education, I would be misleading you if I did not say that our trade union functions were fundamental to our existence.

For the immediate future, these trade union functions are going to include defending jobs, the conditions under which we teach, and as a spin-off the quality of the courses that we offer. (Not to be under-estimated).

In any attempt to increase student staff ratios this is always at risk, even if not a certainty, that working conditions can degenerate and become a breach of the agreements made between the Local Educational Authority, (our real employer remember, not the college) and NATFHE. We must be prepared to resist such moves where possible. Our policy must be to preserve the quality of the courses and the work that we do. Naive and simplistic assumptions that raising SSR's equals more efficiency need serious questioning. It smacks of "never mind the quality feel the width". The way in which efficiency is defined requires questioning.

If compulsory redundancy is proposed for any member of NATFHE our policy is to defend that member of the union. Of course, if a none - NATFHE member of staff is threatened with redundancy, and then we cannot be enthusiastic about defending that person on a personal basis (unless it has repercussions for our own members). Indeed if there is any suggestion that a NATFHE member is to be compulsory redundant we would have to insist that the LEA's human sacrifice would have to be drawn from the list of non-NATFHE lecturers. Any union has to take the position of "hands off our members" - it is its job to do this.

But not only do you have to think of self-preservation but also of your colleagues' positions. Will you be able to oppose a bad policy when directed

against other people and act in what you might consider a fair, reasonable way, simply by standing alone? That I leave to you.

For some staff the way in which the Union works is not totally understood and we intend in the near future to issue explanatory notes to make this clear to members. We know that communication could be improved.

I hope that you will now seriously consider joining our ranks and push the proportion of membership above the existing Photo of 91.5 % of full-time staff.

Yours fraternally

My reply to NATHFE Union 5/2/85 and was as follows

Dear Roy,
Re: NATFHE

Thank you for your letter in respect of me joining NATFHE. I can see and understand your points of concern. However I am not a member of the union because of a matter of principle.

I fear God and am a Christian. If I were a member I would, as a matter of conviction, be obliged to contend against all actions, which were opposed to Christ and morality. This is not my calling as a lecturer.

My protection, in respect to my work, is by the hand of the living God. I know also if my colleagues were that concerned they too might seek divine protection, through Christ Jesus, as I do my self. It is He that watches over me and if according to his command I loose my job, then who am I to resist the living God.

If you like I could speak on this subject to all the members at national local and national level. I would also be prepared to debate or answer criticism of those that feel the need to do so.

Yours Sincerely,

David Clarke.

I was quite surprised to receive further correspondence on the same subject and it made interesting reading:

Dear David,
5/3/85

Thank you for extending the courtesy of a reply to my note to you.

I understand the position you take in your letter. Of course, in the end, it has to be a matter of personal conviction which will decide the matter of union membership and for you this is a stronger factor than for others, what I do not wish to do is of course create a clash of loyalties and principles for any one with genuine misgivings. In the end it will have to be your decision, so anything that I write here is done knowing that fact.

Not knowing the exact religious sect to which you belong I am at some disadvantage in the question, which I would pose to you. They might not seem to be addressing themselves to the points, which to you are the most crucial.

However, I gather that you accept the notion of predestination by saying that if you lose your job this would be "according to His command"

Please explain to me why the act of joining a union might not be counted as being determined by the living God, for how can one event be regarded differently from another in this way?

This might be particularly relevant if the job loss results from a central Government policy inspired by Monetarism, a creed that the market of capital should dominate the lives of people. Did not Jesus have something to say about the money changers in the temple? Is it a not negation of God's work to be opposing the evil of the destruction educational opportunity for people? Why is it that a struggle against powers that wish to make worse the lives of people is seen in some way as not carrying out God's work whereas the actions of those damaging education is seen to be an act of God?

Although as a child I was christened as a Congregationalist, I became one who rejected the idea of God because fearing God did not make sense. To do some thing because I feared the consequences of not doing so seemed to be abandoning one's human responsibility. Imagine the mass- murderers of the Nazi Regime claiming that they were carrying out Gods work. Of course this is an extreme case I put but it raises the point in an extreme way that personal judgements needs to be exercised in some cases and the act of exercising that judgement might be fulfilling God's intention. Surely there can be an active interpretation of predetermination as well as a passive one?

Anyway, if you resolve to maintain your position then it is your decision. At least I felt that your letter deserved some reply,

Yours Sincerely,

Roy Bride.

PS One member of staff has decided to pay equivalent to the annual subscription to the Teacher's Benevolent Fund, instead of joining.

My reply to the Secretary of NATFHE

I felt it right to reply to Roy and give further answers to his questions, as clearly he was not saved and had by his own admission turned away from God. I felt it an Ideal opportunity to speak of God's sovereignty and love in Jesus Christ. Here is my reply:

Dear Roy

Re: Our correspondence in respect of NATFHE

Thank you for your letter of the 5th February.

I am most intrigued by your response and am pleased you have given the consideration you have to my views, even though I think you may think me a little naive.

Without wishing to be too personal or cause offence directly may I take the liberty to answer some of your points? It may possibly be the means of enlightenment, to you in respect of divine predestination and man's responsibility.

Yes, I do believe, absolutely, in divine predestination as you put it; if by that you mean the end of all things is determined, therefore the means to that end are also determined. I would confess to believing the scripture, which states that God has determined all things, and all things come to pass according to His predetermined purpose. That our being made, or created, is for God's own glory and pleasure. Acts 2. Verse 23. And Rev. 4 verse 11.

That God has chosen some of the human race to obtain salvation by faith in Jesus Christ and left others to answer divine justice for their sins. Eph. 1 verse 4-5 and Jude 1 verse 4 and Rom. 9 verse 14-20.

In all this the glory of God is great, for we have a display of the everlasting love of God the Father, Son and Holy Ghost. A love, which is unchangeable and sovereign in its bestowment, God loving some and not all (contrary to popular belief) Rom. 9 verse 13-16. The reason for this love has nothing to do with what is found in the sinner, for this choice is without respect to actions done or capable of being done. In fact the choice was before the foundation of the world. Peter 1 verse 2 and Eph. 1 verse 4.

If it were based upon merit none could be saved, therefore it is a choice through grace alone not based upon works. Thus salvation is received by faith and not through or deeds of merit. Rom. 4 verse 16.

With respect to the chosen all things work together for their good. That industrial strife, famine, unemployment, sickness, death, in fact all evil work together for their eternal good. That these things are sent of God to us that we will learn not to rest in our selves but rather cause us to seek our all in him and depend entirely upon that which he has promised us in his own divine word. Rom. 8 verse 35.

In respect to our responsibilities: I agree with you we are responsible to do those things, which are right and sensible for our own preservation. If needs be we oppose evils and fight for those things, which are right and proper, not only for our selves but for the coming generation, but all in the bounds of "If possible live at peace with all men".

I do not however by this mean we should be stupid and allow all (as you rightly refer to the point of the Nazi oppression) to vanquish all that is opposed their Idealism. In fact any such system, whether it be communism, socialism, capitalism or any other 'ism should be resisted if it adopts those flaws common to corrupted human nature. I therefore say to you, since you appeal to scripture as a basis to oppose Monetarism and claim educational opportunity, that this is a work of God. Then use the whole of scripture to govern all your policies and by this means I might be inclined to help.

I would suggest the following and give this to you to consider:

1) Never engage in a fight unless it is a righteous cause. (God is on the side of the righteous)

2) That the battle be one you think you can win. (In which case God might be sought in prayer and divine aid is asked for).

3) Consider whether God has called you to fight the battle. (In which case there will be principles taught clearly in the scripture).

4) Consider whether the men you fight with are reliable and moved by the same principles and convictions (a divided army or kingdom is not likely to win any battle).

5) Fight with all your might for the righteous will hold on His way.

I am fully aware of the Nazi Regime and also the connection with the Roman Catholic Church. Also that the basis of the Third Reich was upon Jesuitical principles (See the secret History of the Jesuits, Edmund Paris) Not only so but Hitler and Mussolini were both sons of the Catholic Church and so the scripture is fulfilled in that the blood of prophets and of the saints and all the slain upon the earth was found in her (the Roman Catholic Church). Rev 17-18 verse 24.

My question to you is do you think your contention with monetarism is a holy war?

I believe a holy war is directed against any that oppose Christ and His Church - not one 'ism against Monetarism as you call it. I tell you if I believed this policy of Government were opposed to Christ in this matter of educational cuts then according to my five-point plan I would engage in the battle. That if I found none with me I would fight alone, just like David who fought Goliath, and like Samson who slew a 1000 men with the jaw bone

of an ass. But I would not fight with or join hands with Apostates, atheists, unbelievers or heretics, for these would be in the way and could not wield the weapons of truth.

You suggest that it might it be according to the will and purpose of God to join the union to fulfil his purpose. To which I answer he would direct me to do so and I would know that calling in the same way I know my name is written in the Lamb's book of life that I am saved, my sins being forgiven me and I have divine protection. This knowledge I would derive from the scriptures of truth as I employ my reason to biblical principles and walk according to the faith, once delivered unto the saints.

Re. Your tentative inquiry to what sect of Christendom I belong - maybe you might review your knowledge of these sects and find a place for me, I would certainly be interested to see into which group I am pigeon holed.

Yours very Sincerely,

David Clarke

14th 2nd 1985.

Recollection And Union Views Now

It is only now as I write this account, when I look back on these things, that I am beginning to learn some of the lessons I had believed in my head but not proved by actual experience of knowing God in the very depths of ones souls agony.

I now believe the NATHFE union are a valuable functioning body and I have no problem in supporting and being a member of such a union. This is because they have thrashed out with Management their rules of conduct, which, if employed, can result in very fair dealings with members.